MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

WEEDS IN AUGUST.

Crops that have been well cultivated during May and June are too often supposed to require no further attention until harvest time; it is true, if the weeds have been well conquered during the spring and early summer months, they will not do very much injury to the early hoed crops, if they receive no attention after the middle of July; but notwithstanding this there is no time in the season when it is more important to look after the weeds than in August, providing the cultivator is looking to the labors of another year; for it is at this season that many kinds of weeds are ripening their seed; one weed left unmolested to mature a crop of seeds will thus scatter the germs for a countless number of weeds another year.

In the garden among the vines one of the most troublesome weeds at this season is the parsley; no matter what the weather is this weed never seems to lose its wonderful vitality. If it rains every day it spreads over the ground with surprising rapidity, and should the sun shine every day, during the month, without a drop of rain, it seems to make but little difference with its growth, unless it be fried up, and carefully laid with the root pointing to the noonday sun; then it lies dormant like some bugs when they are turned on their backs; they wait for you to look the other way before they turn over and run; so the parsley patiently waits for the first rain, when it at once turns its roots earthward, and in a few days it is right side up, with a countless number of seeds that were ripening during the dry season, when it appeared to be in a dormant state, with its roots penetrating the earth.

We have seen this variety of weeds lay on their backs, with the roots in the hot, baking sun, for two weeks, and then, after a refreshing shower, recover their vitality and grow with wonderful vigor. There is but one way to deal effectually with this weed, at any season of the year; that is to remove it entirely from the field in baskets; it is never safe to leave a root of it anywhere on ploughed land. If any of the seeds are matured, the only sure way to keep them from germinating another year, is to dry and burn them; a better way is to pull the weeds before the seeds are formed, then they can be given to the pigs, who are very fond of nearly all kinds of weeds, but especially so of parsley; hens are also very fond of this weed, and if permitted to run in the garden in August will do much to keep the land free from it. He who keeps his garden free from this pest may be said to be a thorough cultivator.

There are a host of other kinds of weeds that are pushing their way up through the various crops, seeking for a little sunshine to ripen their seed, which need the attention of the cultivator if he wishes to lessen the labor of cultivating his crops another year. Not only does the garden require attention, but the fields should not be neglected, especially the cornfield; for, unless the field has been pretty thoroughly cultivated, and the whole form in previous years been kept clean of weeds, there will be enough escape the plough and the hoe to thoroughly seed the land for another year.

A few hours to each acre of corn, devoted to pulling weeds, at this season of the year, will save many hours of labor in cultivation another year. Most of the tall weeds, if pulled before seeding, may be left to lie on the ground without any danger of growing again.

The strawberry bed needs the especial attention of the cultivator during this month; if the bed was newly set last spring, and has made the growth that it should, the runners will be so thick, that the wheel hoe will have to be abandoned, and only the hand hoe used, and even that will have to be used with care, avoid getting it entangled with the numerous runners, and starting the little roots that are just beginning to grow; a large portion of the weeds will have to be pulled by hand.

As August is the month when the new strawberry bed makes the most growth it is important that no weeds should be left to check the growth of the new runners, at this season. If the strawberry bed is to be kept free from weeds, it is undoubtedly economy to leave none on the ground after being hoed or pulled up; for at this season of the year, many of the small young weeds, if permitted to lie on the ground, will grow again, especially if the cultivator does not thoroughly understand his business. Our experience forces us to the conclusion, that many laborers do not know how to hoe to the best advantage. In hoeing up the weeds, they mix them with the earth, by hoeing too deep, and then manage to set them out again by treading them in with their feet; we have sometimes employed men that hoed in such manner that, wherever rain followed within forty-eight hours, the weeds would seem to grow better than where the ground had not been hoed.

If the weeds are not to be removed from the ground great care should be taken to hoe so as to cut the weeds just below the surface of the soil, and not to mix them with the earth, and also not to tread them in, but to leave them on the surface, exposed to the sun and air.

From our own observation and practical experience, we are satisfied that one man who understands how to hoe to the best advantage, will kill more weeds than three men who do not, and not work as hard. Those who think that it requires no skill to use the hoe to the best advantage will probably doubt this statement, but when they fully realize that there is a right and a wrong way to use the simplest implement that the farmer uses, and set their thinking powers at work, in connection with practice, to ascertain beyond the possibility of a doubt which is the best way, they will be astonished at the amount of labor that can be saved, by directing the action of the physical powers by an enlightened intellect.

On most of farms there are at this season of the year many weeds that grow in places where the scythe may be used to advantage, if taken before the seed has formed. Those growing around the borders of the kitchen garden, and also around the corn and potato fields should be mown down and gathered up to be used as a bedding for the pigs; if this work be neglected and the weeds permitted to ripen their seed, Nature provides a way by which the seeds are scattered over the farm, so that next year all of the ploughed land will be well supplied with seed of all varieties of weeds.

THE FARMER'S VACATION.

During these sweltering days when the dog-star rages, most professional men and merchants think they must rest. The clergyman leaves his pulpit, the judge his bench, the lawyer his bar, the schoolmaster his rostrum, the merchant his country-home, and all he away to breathe the pure air of the mountains, or to be refreshed by the invigorating sea breezes. To rest and keep cool is the main business of these frequenters of watering-places. The question is, Why are not farmers entitled to rest in August just as well as other folks? They work as hard, and would not a little relaxation do them as much good as it does the minister or teacher?

There is this difference between the labors of professional men and farmers that the former work their brains more, the latter their muscles, and that brain work is more exhaustive than muscular. We give teachers one day each week, besides Sunday, to rest and their summer vacation is usually two months. This is often complained of by farmers as they do not appreciate the wear and tear of the nervous system incident to the school-room. They think the teacher has an easy time as he works only five days per week and six hours for a day, but let one of these farmers be shut up in a close room with forty or fifty uneasy, not to say mischievous urchins, for whose mental, moral and physical development he must be constantly on the strain, and if he does not find six hours' work of this sort enough for one day, and is not glad when Saturday comes to give a little relaxation, he must have the nerves of an ox.

So also it may seem to many a very easy matter to write and preach two sermons each week, to edit a newspaper, to sit in the seat of justice and guide an intriseate law case demanding the closest attention and keenest discrimination, or to manage a large mercantile or manufacturing business, involving thousands of dollars each day and employing scores of men. It is ignorance of the pressure that mental labor makes upon the nervous system that leads muscle workers to think that brain workers have an easy time of it. The muscle will stand a much longer pressure than will the brain. Still the muscles needs relaxation. Even a bow that is continually bent loses elasticity. We have heard some farmers ridicule the idea of vacation, and say that the night gave them all the refreshment they required. It is a blessed thing that darkness does cut short the labors of our hard working farmers. Some of them start with the robin in the morning and keep busy as long as the night hawk can be heard. Moon-light nights, it seems as though they never would stop. Such men however are seldom long lived. At forty or fifty they are apt to be as stiff as a foundered horse, and at sixty rheumatism lays them on the shelf, or under the sod. It is much better to recreate as we go along. The man who makes the most of life is seldom one who drives his mental or physical machinery too fast. It was a question with the Southern planters whether to work their negroes hard and let them die early, or to work them moderately and get a long life's use of them. Mere economy, without regard to the right and wrong of the thing, decided in favor of moderate work. Even a locomotive wears out quickly that is driven at sixty miles per hour and not laid up for thorough repairs occasionally.

We therefore have full faith in an occasional vacation for physical as well as mental workers. It recreates both body and soul, turns the channel of thought and action in another direction, enlarges the range of ideas, and gives a new zest to life. It is not necessary in order to recreate to go to a watering place. Few farmers can afford this. Let the fashionables go to these places. The farmer can visit his sister, his cousin or his aunt at the West, South or East, and see how folks live and manage in regions more or less remote from his own. If he can't afford this he certainly can afford to take his family to some mountain or lake for a day's picnic, and if he can take his neighbors with him and have a jolly social time, it makes a splendid vacation.

☞ The Kansas City *Price Current* says: "Now that the through drive from Texas is nearly all in, a correct estimate can be made for the drive of 1879; which, as will be seen, is much smaller than in previous years. The herds which have already arrived, number 167,750 head, while those on the way number 49,000. There are less than 15,000 now on this market for sale, and while prices do not range as high as last season, the market is more active, and cattle are in better demand. Those that have been sold have been driven, under contract, North and West. But very few through cattle will be shipped this season. Yearlings range from $8 to $9; two-year-olds, $12 to $12 50; three-year olds, $14 50, and through beef steers $16 50. Yearlings and two-year-old heifers command about the same prices as steers, the drive in this class having been smaller than previous seasons, while there is an increased demand from the ranchmen for them.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answe through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.

TROUBLE IN MILKING.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a heifer and she is a good milker with this exception; she has one teat with not only the natural opening at the end of the teat, but it has another about one-half the length of the teat. I wish to know, through the *Ploughman*, if anything can be done towards closing up that extra one? I am obliged to draw the milk from that one by my thumb and finger. A SUBSCRIBER.

Westboro', Aug. 7, 1879.

In a case similar to the one above described, an attempt was made to close the upper orifice, which proved unsuccessful. The reason was obvious; the two ducts did not connect in the gland, if by milking one side a single stream emptied the gland on that side, after which by milking through the upper duct nearly an equal quantity could be obtained. As in the above case the milk had to be drawn with the thumb and finger. [ED.

WHORTLEBERRIES—BLUEBERRIES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have been much interested in the articles in the *Ploughman*, in regard to the cultivation of the Whortleberry, and will give you my experience in that line, as I think it a berry well worthy of a place in our fruit gardens. Some six or eight years since I brought from a town in Worcester Co., (where I dug them in a pasture, taking up as much soil with the roots as possible,) two bushes of what are called there "half-high blueberries." I planted them in a rather moist spot in my garden, and awaited developments. This was in the spring. That season and the next I got but few berries, but since then they have been full every year, and from one which is three feet high and about the same across the top, we have probably picked this season as many as four quarts of nice large berries, which are much better than any we can buy. The other bush seems to be of a different variety; the bush being somewhat taller but not so spreading, and the berries of a darker color and much smaller. I find that there is the same difference in the uncultivated berry, bushes growing side by side, so closely as to touch, producing berries of different colors and sizes.

I do not see that the common garden cultivation that I have given mine has made very much difference in the size of the fruit, and think it important that those bushes only which bear large berries, should be selected for transplanting. I shall put out more as soon as I can obtain good ones.

Yours truly, J. W.

West Newton, Aug., 11th, 1879.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

NEW AND DESIRABLE STRAWBERRIES.

How to Grow a Crop for next Summer.

A few years ago it would hardly have been thought possible that such an inerest would be taken in this fruit as there is at the present time. At our horticultural exhibitions we see persons in all stations of life, millionaires, merchants, divines, farmers and mechanics, alike eagerly pressing around the fruit tables and scanning the various specimens, while the fair sex seem equally interested, and the looker-on hears many a one clad in rich laces or velvet discussing and praising the comparative merits of the "*President Lincolns*," "*Duchesses*" or "*Cinderellas*," as if these fruits were so many persons in society or fiction. Little as these persons realize the fact, yet, in seeking enjoyment and recreation amidst these fruits they are, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, undergoing a certain refining influence; as what can be more enobling than the thoughts that are called forth while looking upon the variety and handiwork of nature and of nature's God, as it is displayed in the fruits and flowers. Many a one who has allowed his or her thoughts to dwell on subjects like these, while engaged among or examining their fruits or flowers, has had new thoughts of the sublimity or grandeur of creative power aroused in their minds by these speaking and companionable plants. There certainly seems to be no end to the variety that nature displays. Each year she greets us with something new in some department of her handiwork. As our thoughts at this time have taken the direction of strawberries, we will recount in a few words some of the qualities of a few of the newer, as well as of the older and finer varieties.

General Sherman.—Upon suitable soils, and when given rich cultivation, this variety reveals some beautiful large specimens of fruit. It seems to especially delight in a good, moist, loamy soil, and when it can obtain sufficient moisture, either naturally or through irrigation, proves very grateful in the rich returns of fruit that it makes. The berries are of a brilliant scarlet color, conical, and of good quality.

Sharpless.—This is proving one of the most popular of any of the strawberries, combining a number of qualities of unusual merit. I do not wonder that it proves such a favorite with the ladies, or with those who have the care of the fruit in the house after it is picked, as the beautiful appearance of the berries upon the fruit-dish, and the ease with which these large berries can be hulled, to say nothing of their rating qualities, render them fully deserving of the cordial reception that they are receiving. This past season's fruiting has shown that the plants are adapted to nearly all soils.

Wilding Seedling, Kerr's Late Prolific, Glendale, Great American and *Golden Defiance* are among some of the finer varieties that have the merit of ripening late, and thus prolonging the length of the strawberry season; while of the sixty or seventy varieties upon my grounds, the *Duncan, Crystal City, Matilda, Duchesse,* and *Black Defiance* prove about as early as any.

As to the new method that is now employed in setting out plants in the summer, a few words in explanation will perhaps prove of interest. This consists in using plants that have been grown in little flower-pots. Its chief advantage to those living at a distance, rests in the fact, that plants grown in this way, can be transported even during the hottest days of summer, equally as well as in the fall or spring. Their value consists in their standing transplanting without receiving a check to their growth, so that when given *frequent* and *rich* cultivation nearly a full crop (sometimes nearly a quart of fruit to a plant) can be obtained the following summer. It is certainly a welcome improvement over the older method of using the ordinary grown plants for summer planting. R. H. H.

RUNNING IN DEBT FOR A FARM.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I recently asked a successful business man the following question:—

"Can a man of intelligence, education experience and ability run in debt for a farm not to cost over $3,000 and pay for it from the proceeds of said farm in a reasonable length of time?" and the following reply was received; which I send you for publication in the *Ploughman*.

Yours, &c., PROGRESS.

Amherst, Mass., Aug., 4, 1879.

The Reply.

Your letter came duly. In it you ask a very blunt, straightforward question, and I will endeavor to answer it as frankly as it is asked. "Can you run in debt $2500 or $3000 for a farm and pay up for it off the place?"

Yes, if you can get the chance and observe the conditions necessary, to successfully carry out the project.

First, the getting of the chance. How and where. I assume at the start, that the place is to be in Massachusetts, for I firmly believe that as much, all things considered, is to be made farming here as anywhere; if so, how to get it? This part implies a certain amount of capital, as no land changes hands without some portion of the purchase money being paid down. You, of course, know your own resources better than I can, and if you can get together a sufficient sum to make the required payment, the getting of a title is an easy matter; but this is not the end of expenditure by any means. You and your family must live until an income begins to show itself. You must have stock and tools necessary to work the farm. It would simply be inviting disaster to put all your capital into payment for land and have no surplus to work with. This part of it can, of course, by shrewd management, be made to come within much narrower limits than some with a ready command of money would think they could get along with, but still it must necessarily absorb money.

Now comes the second proposition, "if the right conditions are observed." The pioneer farmers of this State, those who managed farms when our grandfathers were small boys, not only reared and educated their large families but laid by, in some cases, more and some less, a sum for their support in age. This was all done, too, when the abundant markets for every description of farm produce with which we are blessed, had no existence. Let us see how it was done. First, foremost and of more consequence than any other one thing, they had as wives, women who were not only able but anxious to contribute their share, and in too many cases more than their share, toward the general result, by a close, careful and economical management of all in-door affairs; doing their own housework and attending to the dairy and rearing the children. I am absolutely and entirely opposed to the wives of farmers now being made the drudges which they were then, because, with the machinery and improved methods at hand for doing all that kind of work, there is no need of it; but the farmer's wife must now, as she did in those days, be the head and front of all household work in order that success come. Next, the farmers of the period of which we are talking, worked early and late, and with a will, not only they but their children. Every possible avenue for increasing the income was carefully and diligently cultivated, and crowning the whole they spent a little less money every day than they earned. These are the conditions which enabled them to do what they did and they are the conditions which in any pursuit in any country on this earth, will bring the same result.

It is not necessary now, thanks to American invention, for the farmer to work so hard nor so long as they did to accomplish all and more than they, but no inventor has ever succeeded or ever will, in dispensing with the active brain and the strict economy which spends less than it earns.

It is absolutely necessary in the pursuit of farming, as in every other to-day, that the man's wits be kept continually sharp; that he be not satisfied with two or four or a dozen sources of revenue, or with a curtailed revenue from any one of them, and that he study to so control all natural forces with which he is brought in contact that they shall, at his bidding, move in the exact direction he wishes; that he study to multiply and foster the channels of revenue which are producing while he sleeps or while he lays aside the labor of his hands.

While it may be possible for a man by hard persistent toil, unaided by the intelligence I have indicated, to accumulate the competence we all strive for, it is not within the intent of the Great Father who bestowed the marvellous faculty of reason upon us, that it should be so, and while it may be highly creditable as a piece of human endurance, it belittles the manhood of the race to pattern by such.

As I see it, the farmer, more than any other, must be a man of broad views and not be confined to one idea, and that idea the one which happens to please the fancy for the time being. It is well enough in the mechanical world, and doubtless is altogether best, that one bend his energies entirely in one line or direction, to the exclusion of all else. By that process some of the most brilliant successes have come. But the farmer, to be all that he should, must see some advantage, some good, some income in every branch of his calling, and strive to have as many irons in the fire as he can safely keep from burning.

Further, I hold that the farmer should produce of the articles which he uses in the daily economy of his entire establishment, everything which the soil and climate of his locality will admit. The argument so frequently used, that I can buy this or that product cheaper than I can raise it, is the pitfall into which hundreds of men here around us are gradually sinking themselves. The man who is successful in farming is he who sells for money all he possibly can, and who buys for money the least possible quantity of that which he can produce.

Finally, if you incur a debt let not the grass grow under your feet; abate not a single atom of your diligence; keep your entire thought continually upon the ways and means of reducing it, until you are free, and my word for it, you will be surprised to see how quickly you have lifted it. These I hold to be the most important conditions to success in farming, which, if rigidly adhered to, will as surely produce that result as the sun rises. That you have the ability to realize it I have not a doubt. That you know what it means to lift a debt of $3000, I have grave doubt, but no one can know except by experience, and no one can have that except they try. The great difficulty will be in getting started, but the earlier the start is made the sooner success will come. Now don't think I have been writing a lecture or trying to hit you anywhere. I have tried to answer your question as honestly as it was asked.

Yours, &c.,

A TRUE LOVER OF THE FARM.

THE FARMER'S WORKSHOP.

[Sereno Edwards Todd, in Rural New Yorker.]

Every tiller of the soil should provide a cheap and convenient shop, and a goodly number of mechanical tools, with which numerous little jobs may be performed in less time than would be consumed in simply going to and from the shop of a professional mechanic, who would necessarily require remuneration. More than this, farmers always have many hours and days, and sometimes entire weeks, of wet, stormy and lowery weather, when no one can work in the field. At such times, if one will exercise a little mechanical gumption when using mechanical tools, he will soon be able to perform almost any little job by way of repairing farm implements and hand tools. It is an old, but trite saying, that almost any one can do a difficult job if he have the necessary *tools*, while it will require all the skill of an expert mechanic to work *without* tools.

The first and most important consideration is the shop itself. If a man feels too poor to erect a commodious shop, and if he cannot occupy any part of some out-building, let him make an economical lean-to at the side of some building. Such a shop can be erected at the expense of only a few dollars. For example, let such a structure be about eleven feet broad by fourteen or sixteen feet in length. The sides and roof can be made of good hemlock boards, planed or not. At most lumber yards one can purchase hemlock flooring, matched and planed on one side, which costs only a dime more per hundred feet than the boards of the same quality not planed. Make a shed-roof, sloping all one way. Then cover the surface with newspapers or any other kind of paper, and spread over the paper old carpetings, old canvas, old matting, and cover thin pieces and holes with good pieces. Nail the edges and the pieces over the holes with carpet tacks, or with small lath nails. Such a roof need have only a slope of one foot in twelve. After the canvas or matting is securely nailed, apply a heavy coat of coal tar. Paper should be applied three or more thicknesses to keep the tar from running down between the roof boards.

Then, after the expiration of a few days, mingle coal tar, fine-sifted sand, and some sifted lime or gypsum, or Rosendale cement, or equal parts of each of these substances, until the mass is of the consistence of plastering mortar. With a plastering trowel, let a thin coat of the foregoing mixture be spread on the roofing foundation. One of my barns, a wagon shed and two corn-cribs are covered with such roofing, and they have been "leak-tight" for over three years. I procured a large quantity of the matting that comes around tea-chests, and the sacks which are made of gunney-cloth for holding coffee, peanuts and other commodities. A large quantity of floor matting and carpeting, not half worn out, was cast aside as worthless, which subserved an excellent purpose as a foundation for the roofing cement or plaster. The cost of such a roof is extremely small. The labor of putting the materials in their proper places constitutes the largest item of expense.

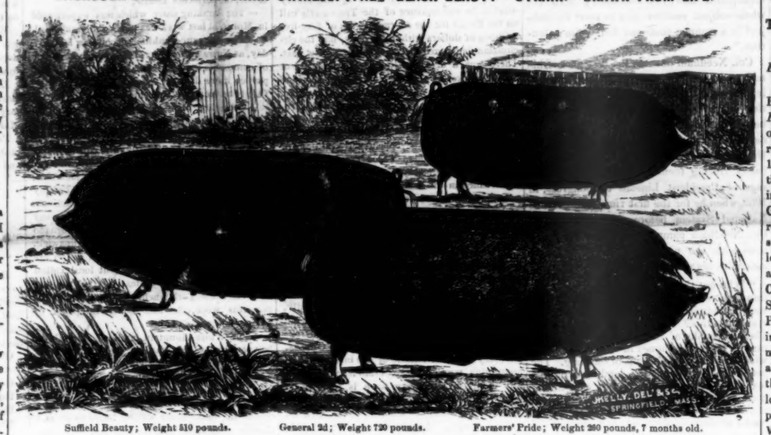
It will not be necessary to incur the expense of a framed building in the erection of such a workshop. Procure a load of hard-wood slabs at some saw-mill, and stand the lower ends on stones, or set them in the ground for posts and studs. Or cut down small trees, and straighten one side of the pieces for posts. If the ground is not dry, let a few wagon loads of clay, or gravel and clay, be spread over the surface. A plank floor is not necessary, for the reason that such a shop will usually be covered with chips, shavings and score-blocks. Two or three boards may be placed by the side of the work-bench, if deemed desirable. Of course three or four large windows will be essential, and a broad doorway of sufficient width to admit a wagon.

For myself, I would have a workshop built of as good materials and style as any out-building. But when a farmer feels too poor, I desire to aid him in erecting a workshop that will cost but little besides his own labor.

The attic story of many a building is of no practical use for any purpose. But by cutting a doorway at one end, making an inclined plane from the ground to the doorway, and putting three or four windows in the end, a convenient workshop could be provided at a small expense. In many instances a portion of the basement story of the dwelling house could be appropriated to a workshop. A few years ago, when I resided in Brooklyn, there was a sub-basement beneath our residence, which was about twenty feet wide by forty long. Several windows were inserted in the foundation wall, an I a work-bench and tools were provided for the boys, who were attending school. Their parents never had occasion to request or command them to come home after school hours, or to keep out of bad company, or to shun places of public resort. No, never. That workshop and the tools seemed to have almost a bewitching influence. There were two saw-mills, a trip-hammer, and grist-mill and other machinery all in motion at once. Of course the machinery was of the rudest sort; yet the mechanical education and the self-training by way of handling mechanical tools, could not be computed in pecuniary value.

REMEDY FOR BURDOCKS.—It is said that a certain and speedy remedy for Burdocks has been found in Kerosene oil. A small quantity poured into the heart of a plant, directly after cutting, leaves no trace of their existence save a small hole in the earth where they stood. Refined or crude oil will accomplish the purpose just as well.

THOROUGH-BRED POLAND-CHINA SWINE OF THE "BLACK BEAUTY" STRAIN.—DRAWN FROM LIFE.



Suffield Beauty; Weight 810 pounds. General 2d; Weight 720 pounds. Farmers' Pride; Weight 360 pounds, 7 months old.

Property of A. Riggs, Suffield, Conn.

Stock Department.

A RELISH FOR FARM STOCK.

[Western Homestead.]

The importance of an occasional relish of salt and wood ashes for all kinds of stock cannot be too highly appreciated. The most convenient form in which these materials are offered, according to feeders of wide experience, is in a solid mass, which admits of a diligent licking on the part of the animal without gaining more of the mixture than is desirable. In order to mix these ingredients so that a solid mass may be formed, take salt and pure wood ashes in the proportion of pound for pound, with water sufficient to hold the mixture together. To preserve the mixture in a solid state, place it in troughs or boxes sheltered sufficiently to keep rain and snow from reaching it and converting it into an alkaline pickle. These troughs with their tempting contents prove efficient as baits for alluring animals, turned out on long runs during the day, home at night.

When cattle chew leather, wood, and old bones, remember that it indicates a lack of phosphate of lime in their food, which is required to supply bone material. A teaspoonful of bone material given daily with their grain will correct the habit and supply the deficiency which induces it. If the disposition to eat bones is indulged in when cows are on grass, the deficiency then evidently exists in the soil, and the pasture will be greatly benefited by a top-dressing of bone dust. Two or three hundred pounds to the acre, sown broadcast, will repay attending expenses in a better yield and quality of milk and butter.

Horticulture.

TREE LABELS.

Every tree in an orchard, says the *Journal of Horticulture*, should be clearly and plainly labelled, so that not only the proprietor, but any one may go into it and tell the variety of every tree in it. It should also be recorded in a book for that purpose. This is important that the owner may know the kind of fruit he raises, and where to find it. Fruit will often sell better if the name of the variety is well known and attached to it. It is also important when a tree dies, that the owner may know what kind to get to fill up the vacancy, and keep up the assortment. A difficulty that many labor under is to get a good label, one that will last and retain the writing. If wood is used, the writing soon becomes dim, and if zinc twine is used for tying material, it soon rots, and the label is lost; but if wire is used for this purpose, it will not give with the growth of the tree, and is liable to cut into and injure the tree if it does not ruin it. The following has proved the most satisfactory as a tree label with us: Take a piece of common sheet zinc five inches wide. Across this cut pieces three-fourths of an inch wide at one end, and tapering to a point at the other. Near the wider end, write plainly with a common lead pencil the name of the variety. This will get brighter by exposure to the weather. The small end may be coiled around a branch of the tree; it will yield as the tree grows, and do no injury. Such labels will last a life-time, and the writing will get plainer all the time. After being used ten years, they are far plainer than when first written. Such labels cost but little, and are permanently reliable.

A cheaper, but very efficient label, can be made of tin cut in the form suggested for the zinc ones, with the name written, or rather scratched on it with a sharp awl. This will scratch through the tin to the iron, which on exposure to the weather, will soon rust, thus making the letters quite distinct. These may be procured at any tin shop, and almost any tinner will cut them from scraps, at a few cents a hundred. These will last many years before becoming dim.

WOLF TEETH.

[National Live Stock Journal.]

The small, supernumerary teeth, generally called wolf teeth, do not in the least interfere with the horse's well-being, except they should happen to deviate from their normal position, when they may interfere with mastication; but this very rarely occurs. They are not in any way connected with the eyes of the animal. Horses will get blind with or without the presence of wolf teeth. We have frequently had occasion to denounce the barbarous and utterly useless practice of removing these teeth—a practice which is only indulged in by quacks and ignorant men.

☞ The *Poultry Monthly*, referring to turkey-raising, makes this substantial statement: "It does not cost any more, or much more, to raise a pound of turkey than a pound of hen flesh. In the summer they require to be fed less, being masterly campaigners on their own account, while in the winter very likely their nervous disposition demands somewhat more stimulus than other fowls. If well fed, they do not require nearly as careful housing as the hen, although it is a good policy to make them roost indoors; but left to themselves, they prefer to weather out the wildest storm in the treetops. Finally, when brought to market, their flesh is worth much more than that of the hen, so that, other things being equal, it is economy to keep them instead."

☞ Don't fail to take time to mow the swamps and other places where a supply of rank grass and "brakes" are growing. These dry readily and if the land is wet, can be "poled" out and carried up to stack near the barn, or they may be stacked on the spot, taking care to lay some fence rails under the stack to keep it from the ground. Then, when the ground is frozen in winter and covered with snow, they can be easily taken to the barn and used as bedding for cattle and swine. This might give an opportunity to sell an equal amount of straw. The farmers say that "plenty of brakes in the pig pens will make plenty of corn in the cribs."—*Homestead.*

The Poultry Interest.

DISEASE IN POULTRY.

[New York Times.]

A serious disease is prevalent among poultry. It seems to be akin to the prevalent disease among swine. On examination of several dead fowls belonging to neighbors and one of my own, I find the same appearance in all—the bowels black and gangrenous; the liver soft, disintegrated, and filled with black spots, which under the microscope show masses of broken-up cells with dark blood-globules. It is a true enteric or intestinal fever, originating from gastric or bilious derangement, as in the typhoid fever in horses, cattle and swine. Generally the dead fowls are exceedingly fat about the intestines, although not plump as to the general structure. The symptoms are a yellowness of comb wattles, and skin about the eyes, dullness and disinclination to move; difficulty in swallowing; great heat about the throat, and costiveness; followed or varied by profuse green, frothy, or black, fetid discharges. The disease is a true blood disorder, and, in all probability, results from overfeeding and forcing for the production of eggs, just as the typhoid fever of swine is caused by corn; and that of cattle by excess of succulent pasture, or indigestible dry herbage. A remedy has been found in blue mass, in half-grain doses, given three or four times, followed by plenty of sulphur in the food. In some cases relief has been found, and the disease stopped, by giving hyposulphite of soda freely, one dram for each dozen fowls, either dissolved in the drink-water, or soft food, such as meal mush. The latter treatment, with a liberal reduction in the rations, has stopped the disease in my yards.

SPROUTING POTATOES BEFORE PLANTING.

The following is from a correspondent of the *London Field:*

There has been a good deal of discussion regarding the best time to plant the main crop of potatoes—Knight maintaining in his time, and some maintaining in the present, that, in order to attain the best results, planting should not be deferred beyond February. The opinion entertained by not a few others, however, is that it is of little use planting the potato till the ground is warm enough to start the sets into growth. This opinion is both held and acted upon by farmers in most cases, who generally plant in April in early localities, and May in the colder districts. Here in Yorkshire those who planted late are most forward. The haulm so far appears strong; but early planted crops are not looking so well, and in many cases the sets have rotted completely away. I begin to think it would pay much better—in garden practice at least—to delay planting generally till April and May, and make up for the apparent loss of time by starting all the sets considerably before planting. Gardeners, I am of course aware, do forward early crops in this way, and seldom plant any potatoes that are not pushing their buds.

But what I contemplate here is starting the sets four or five inches or so, and planting them out with their tops just above ground when danger of frost is over, so that they might come away at once and without a hitch. This season, in the prospect of a late season, a great portion of our early crop was treated in this way, and the results are very manifest. We did not go to the usual trouble of starting the sets singly in pots or otherwise, but simply collected all the large and flat round hampers on the place—each large enough to hold some hundreds of sets—and a little dry light soil was laid in the bottoms of them on which the potatoes were set, end up, as close together as they would, and covered with three or four inches more soil, which was never moistened from first to last, as I find sets sprout at first much stronger in a dry soil than in a wet one. The hampers were placed in the newly-started fruit houses, and kept there till the potatoes sprouted a bit, when they were removed to cooler quarters, and, as the sets had rooted into each other a good deal, they were again taken out and disbudded, and put back into the hampers, the work being done on a wet day. By the first week in May they had re-established themselves, and were easily lifted out of the fine dry soil, with good bunches of roots and stout shoots, and were planted in the border with their tops just under the soil. During May the weather was anything but favorable, but at this date (June 6) the tops are about 9 inches high, and looking as well as could be desired. Elsewhere in the garden, the same sorts, which were not started, but planted when their buds were just moving a month previously (beginning of April), are not yet above ground, and will be three weeks or a month at least later than the started crop, which I do not think will be inferior in any respect.

One great and decided advantage of starting the sets is that they can be disbudded properly and safely to one, or at most two, good shoots, and they can consequently be planted considerably closer without injury, while any good stem is sure to produce tubers of large size. To planters in more favored districts, early potatoes at the above stage may not appear very early at this date; but when we practice in a district where the pear trees are only in flower at the end of the first week in June, where apples are not even so far advanced, and where such things as spring sown cabbage and broccoli, got in in good time, are barely out of their seed leaf, in such, or even in more favored circumstances, the practice of planting indoors on an extensive scale, or planting out late, has much to recommend it. A large breadth of potatoes can be forwarded in the above manner with exceedingly little trouble, and the gain is great. If it happens that the potatoes are in advance of the time for planting out, the boxes or baskets may be removed to a cool chamber or loft, where they will keep for weeks in a good condition, and be all the better for the leisurely hardening off, that is, if water be entirely withheld. Nothing more is needed, in such cases, than a covering of dry soil to start potatoes; water simply weakens the growth or rots them.

'MAGIE' OR 'POLAND CHINA' SWINE.

Their Origin, History, Description, and Merits.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In response to the inquiry of J. R. B. of Rochester, N. H., in a recent issue of the *Ploughman*, I will say, that D. M. Magie, of Oxford, Ohio, originated this world-renown breed of swine, in the years 1837 to 1840. They were produced from four distinct breeds of hogs, three of which were imported, namely, Poland, Big China, Irish Grazier, and Byfield. By 1840 he had so far realized his ideal as to get an altogether new species of swine; which was called, for a long time, by his own name, which name was also adopted by the Illinois Swine Breeders' Convention, but subsequently the National Swine Breeders' Convention, named it Poland China. By crossing, carefully selecting, and judiciously breeding, was the formation of a breed of hogs of the most desirable qualities. When defects were apparent they have been corrected, and perfected, by long, careful, patient, judicious breeding by practical farmers and stock men of the West, who well understood the wants and necessities of the pork raisers, and farmers of America, and so completely and perfectly did they apply themselves to this end, that long since, this splendid breed became thoroughly and permantly established; noted for their size, symmetry, docility, early maturity, aptitude to fatten at any age, and also for their practical utility. They have been fully tested in all the various climates of the United States, and under all circumstances, and have proved themselves hardy, prolific, free from disease, with great action and constitutional vigor, and always bring the highest price as porkers in the markets. With good sanitary treatment and liberal feeding it is an easy matter to make them weigh, at 6 months old, 225 to 250 lbs; at 10 months old 375 to 450 lbs; at 15 to 18 months from 600 to 900 lbs. The best average fat hogs made in the United States have been of this breed. One lot of forty head, raised by one man, not *picked* or *selected*, averaged at 20 months 613 lbs, and the world is challanged to beat it.

The Black Beauty, or Magie strain, will satisfy both admirers of small and large hogs. To satisfy the farmer who wants small hogs, it is only necesesary for him to feed them until 8 or 10 months old, and the farmer who wants large hogs can keep them until 15 or 18 months old.

The well bred Poland China can show a shorter head and smaller bone in proportion to size, than either the Chester Whites or the Berkshires; for large, full, deep hams and lard (the most profitable part of the hog,) can beat the world. Besides this they amply pay for care and nice attention, but can rough it, with true western grit, and bring the highest prices in market. In short, it is not a bandbox but a practical profitable breeder. A good little pig is good, but a good big pig is better.

DESCRIPTION.

There are three classes or strains of Poland China hog—The Butler County strain, the Black Beauty strain, the Magie strain. The Butler County strain are, in color, spotted or draped with a rather coarse head and bone, a large frame and long leg, and show little uniformity. Probably more is due to A. C. Morse, of Canton, Ill., to the formation of this strain than to any other one breeder. They make a monster hog when matured.

The Black Beauty strain is in color a black bodied hog, with occasionally a spot or two, with more or less white in the face and ears, all feet and tip of tail white, jowl or belly white, are short legged, small head, small thin drooping ears, with very long deep body and deep, heavy hams, and much more susceptibility to lay on flesh than the Butler County strain, being very quiet and docile, can be handled at any time, even when farrowing, are as uniform as so many peas.

The Magie strain somewhat resembles the Black Beauty strain in color, but are bred to suit the present public taste by the originator, the demand being for a swine with a finer finish and darker color, with the aptitude to take on fat as young as three or four months old, but do not make so large a hog at maturity as either of the other strains.

Dr. Ezra Stetson, in delivering an address before the Illinois Swine Breeders' Association, Sept. 18th, 1878, said as far as he was capable of judging, and his education in this line has cost him much money, he thought the Poland China hog possessed all the constituents of hardiness, with powers of assimulation, second to no breed. They may be bred to any size desired, may be fattened for the market at any age, and are as prolific as any of our modern breeds. They are the only breed known to me that will eat and be thankful, and if not fed will not squeal about it. D. M. Magie has shipped pigs or hogs of this breed within the last two years to England, Germany, Australia, Mexico and Canada, the first case on record of the shipment of swine from the United States to other countries for breeding purposes. These swine are more largely bred in the States where hog raising is the most prominent and important of farming pursuits, than all other breeds of swine combined. The Berkshires stand in the same relation to the Poland Chinas as swine, that the Devons do to the Durhams or Shorthorn cattle, and the Chesters the same as Jerseys to the Durhams or Shorthorns; while the Suffolks are distanced and hold no comparison to the Magie or Poland Chinas whatever, which has been demonstrated repeatedly by various impartial breeders and feeders.

To show that they are a practical hog, I will give the gross weights of a herd of 625 head owned

He had been discussing certain abstract propositions for twenty years, and nothing has ever come of the talk. Farmers' clubs and agricultural societies may discuss fodder corn for fifty years to come, and it will affect nothing. The same may be said of the stock; one man sees seeds or fails in one way and another man in another. Circumstances alter cases, and what is good for one is not good for another. The only good that comes of discussion is to keep the minds of the farmers alive to the importance of their calling, and let them have the benefit of experience when certain conditions are applicable to their case. Reference was made to the agricultural problem in England, where the farmers are broken down by excessive land rents, and labor is so cheap that it is unremunerative, and farmers enjoy the same privileges as other men. They can go to the legislature and to congress to make the laws of State and nation. The condition of the farmer is equal to that of the professional man; merit is every where recognized, and no calling is higher or more honorable than the tiller of the soil. The speaker made an able argument for higher prices for the products of the soil, and called upon his hearers to take the matter in hand and endeavor to control the markets, to the exclusion of speculators. This is the problem for the farmer to solve, and the sooner they do it the better for themselves. The past should teach us what is in store in the future. There are now 40,000,000 people in the United States, and if we continue to increase in the next twenty years as we have in the past twenty, we shall in 1900 have 80,000,000 people in the country. The Mississippi valley will be filled with people; the south will be filled with farmers instead of politicians, if the signs of the times point rightly. To keep pace with the times the farmers of Massachusetts must rally and sustain the spirit of the fathers. Yankees have gone out of New England to other sections of the country and taken with them the Yankee spirit; they are keenly alive in their new homes, and to meet successfully their Yankee go-ahead proclivities, we must meet them with renewed efforts to excel, and not allow them to over-produce us and undersell us. Dr. Loring spoke for nearly an hour, and was attentively listened to throughout.

A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Rice and Dr. Loring for their remarks.

Mr. Joseph S. Perry asked Dr. Loring to explain what he meant by saying that continued discussion was of no use; for one, he thought it a good thing to exchange views with men in the same business. Dr. Loring said that discussion did not amount to anything; but if a man in whom we have confidence, one who has been successful in a given department, tells you his method and experience, it is pretty safe to accept of his experience, but not to discuss the whys and wherefores of its methods.

At one o'clock the meeting took a recess of one hour for dinner, which was served by Caterer Marrs in the upper hall.

The afternoon session began at 2.30. Dr. Loring called attention to the coming fair of the New England Society, and asked the co-operation of the people of Worcester and Worcester County to make it a success. The first subject for discussion was, "Can the farmers of Worcester County, by associated action, regulate the price of farm products?" Mr. Thomas Harlow of Shrewsbury, thought they could not, although Dr. Loring had said they could. The laws of trade regulate the prices; these laws are immutable, and cannot be changed at the wish or whim of a few farmers in convention or otherwise. Supply and demand regulate the price of milk; any combination which attempts to put the price up beyond the demand will fail, the same as strikes fail. Mr. Harlow believed in keeping up the reputation of the fathers of the State, and to make the best of existing things.

Mr. F. F. Chamberlain thought the farmers had grown too smart, had too much brains and money.

Mr. W. H. Earle believed in association, as too much is lost in separate action and strong rivalry. Take the milk trade alone, and, as at present conducted—each man looking out for himself—it costs too much for delivery. Were the milkmen associated, they could save one cent or more per quart, and no one in the business doubts the statement. Mr. Chamberlain says farmers have too much brain and too much money. The speaker combatted this position, saying that the want of the hour is more money and more confidence. Men with money, who want to invest it, invest in government bonds at four per cent., when they can get six per cent. on first-class mortgage. By all means associate and have more money.

Mr. Levi Smith of Paxton believed in having more money and more brains, and in keeping up prices.

Mr. E. E. Hutchinson of Sutton spoke against the practice of farmers undercutting each other, and thought that by association the practice could be broken up and fair prices maintained.

Mr. J. S. Perry said the quality of produce regulated the price; one consumer is willing to pay more than another if he thinks he is receiving a superior article.

Hon. W. W. Rice believed in free competition, as this is a free country, and every man must look out for himself; there is no room for co-operation.

W. H. Earle came to the rescue of co-operation and spoke vigorously in support of the principles which he has for years championed.

H. Dodge of Rutland thought more practical work and less theorizing would be better than so much talk.

George H Harlow of Shrewsbury said the trouble was not over-productive but reckless competition; at present he was selling milk for two cents per quart, not enough to half pay him for his trouble.

Dr. Wakefield of Leicester spoke in favor of the consumption of milk, which he said is more nourishing than beefsteak, and if people only knew it they would use it more freely than is the present custom. Milk makes brains, and that's what everybody wants.

D. Pratt of Dudley said the middle-men made too much profit in the present way of trade. If they buy milk at two cents per quart and sell it for four they realize more by the transaction than the producer. This matter ought to be remedied.

Bela J. Stone of Westboro said that in the production of milk the producer must take what he can get for it; the milk associations fix the price and you must take it or not sell. If the market is oversupplied it is advocated going into some other branch of the business and raising something that will pay better.

Lolyard Bill of Paxton advocated keeping accounts and knowing positively what it costs to produce, then it can be decided whether it pays to produce a certain article or not, and also believed in committing statistics to ascertain what pays and what does not.

The second topic, "Are the farms of Worcester County too large," was not discussed owing to the lateness of the hour, and at 4.15 the meeting adjourned.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 16, 1879.

THE RAILROADS AND THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

Railroad arrangements are being perfected for the transportation of animals and articles for exhibition at the New England Fair, to be held at Worcester, Mass., Sept. 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th, 1879;—notice of which will be found in another column.

DANIEL NEEDHAM, *Secretary.*
July 29th, 1879.

The Brighton abbatoir is to have extensive additions made to it at once, to accommodate a Chicago firm that wants all its cattle that are forwarded for foreign export slaughtered at Brighton.

Reports from thirty-two Parishes in Louisiana, twenty-nine counties in Mississippi, and twenty-four in Arkansas, report the prospects of the cotton crop to be very promising and the yield is expected to be greater than the exceptionally large one of last year.

Careful and detailed reports from all the cotton producing States give the assurance of at least an average crop, with a probability of better results even than last year, when the crop was larger except one than any before harvested.

A telegram from Ottawa says, in reference to the report that the Dominion Government will not renew its order prohibiting the importation of American cattle after Sept. 6th., that the question is still under consideration. It is estimated, however, that "in order to protect Canadian cattle and to prevent their being scheduled by the Imperial authorities, the government will issue a new Proclamation."

The Albany Law Journal think that Scribner's Monthly for July, was unfortunate in its statement that there is less crime in Texas than in Massachusetts and in New York. Referring to the five volumes of the Texas Court of Appeals Reports, the writer finds that in 1876-77-78 and part of 1879 there were 126 trials for murder and 96 trials for murderous and aggravated assaults.

The Kremlin, the famous palace of Moscow, was set on fire abroad daylight, on the 19th of last month, and with great difficulty was saved from total destruction. A wooden staircase was saturated with petroleum and set on fire. Red flags were displayed on the church towers, the tocsin was sounded, and the entire population assembled in haste about the palace.

A correspondent of the Boston *Daily Advertiser* under date of Aug. 1, writing from London, states, that in a trip made into the country a few days ago he was painfully impressed with the sad state of agricultural affairs, where an attempt at haying had been made the grass lay as it fell from the scythe, water-soaked and rotting on the ground, while wheat and other grains looked sickly and unpromising in the extreme. So serious has the outlook become, that prayers are now offered in all the churches of the Establishment for fair weather, and a general day of humiliation and prayer has been suggested.

The Providence Commercial Club is to treat the Merchants' and Commercial Clubs of this city to a clam bake, on the 20th. Clams are the symbol of friendship and good cheer in Rhode Island.

THE FAIR AT WORCESTER.

Although this is by no means the first time that the New England Agricultural Society's Fair has been held two years successively in the same place, it is no more than simple justice to offer an explanation in the case of Worcester and on behalf of the local Society which has earnestly solicited a repetition of the Exhibition in that city. As every one will remember, the weather last year was unpropitious to a degree altogether unexampled in the Society's exhibitions. It seemed as if the elements were in conspiracy to becloud the prospects of the enterprise. The most complete preparations had been made for the event by the local Society and by the citizens of Worcester, and on a scale which it was extreme hardship to permit the weather to set aside. It seemed particularly hard that Worcester's first public welcome to the New England Agricultural Society should practically have been brought to nought by unfavorable weather, and the managers of the New England Society decided, as an act of simple justice to the Worcester Society, that the Exhibition ought to be accorded to Worcester this year if she should again desire it. She very naturally did prefer such a request, with which the circumstances of themselves are sufficient to justify a glad compliance.

To the same end all the local business interests have united in making a more determined movement for the success of the Fair than they made even last year. The railroads whose far-stretching lines converge at Worcester as the most central point in New England are projecting schedules of reduced rates of both passenger and freight transportation, the latter including every class of articles which would be likely to enter into the exhibition as competitors; and this will multiply the facilities for attendance and increase the number of visitors to the Fair correspondingly. There is an universal determination, in fact, to secure for the coming exhibition a success that will establish it as the high-water mark of all the achievements of the New England Society. Worcester clearly hopes to crown the long record of the Society's successes with a triumph that will be proudly pointed to for many years to come.

The same appeals which are so forcibly made to the farmers of New England at other times may be addressed to them with increased earnestness now. They are pledged, by virtue of their occupation alone, to sustain with all their efforts the exertions of the New England Society in the achievement of the most signal exhibition triumph this year in its long record of triumphs extending over almost a score of years. It is in the very heart of New England that the next great agricultural demonstration is to be made. The very locality will assist to attract the widest public attention to the Exhibition that is to challenge it. And year by year the habit of assembling at these great central agricultural fairs has been growing stronger, until what seemed at first a laborious undertaking to many has insensibly become a pleasure not easy to be foregone. No better evidence is needed to show that these annual exhibitions are profitable also. They repay to those who attend them and participate in them much more than any original outlay. Socially and industrially they have at last become an institution which the great farming community cannot dispense with.

There is no equalization as extended through humanity as the farmer's, which is not organized and operated for the better promotion of the varied interests belonging to it. In this age, then, it is a sheer waste of opportunity for the farmer to neglect the improvement of the chances which organization freely offers to him. He can readily detect them by attending these annual agricultural fairs, from the greatest to the least. Friendly rivalry does much to stimulate the energies and quicken the perceptions of the intelligent cultivator of the land. The tribute of admiration for his honored calling which large popular assemblages annually offer, is one that should be precious in his sight. There is an exclusively human and domestic feeling appealed to in an agricultural exhibition, which is not nearly so well appreciated or acknowledged in an exhibition of the works of handicraft and wonderful machinery inventions. Everybody has an instinctive sympathy with farming and the life of the farmer; for its simplicity and comparative innocence, for the very close intimacy which it begets with nature, for the freedom from the weariness of worldliness, and for the stock of faith and trust which it keeps undiminished in the heart. And it is the annual exhibition of the fruits of such a life that invites another grand assemblage of the people at Worcester.

WESTERN IMMIGRATION.

A correspondent of the Cleveland (Ohio) *Herald*, gives, in a letter dated at Fargo, Dakota Territory, Aug. 1, a glowing description of the lands lying on both sides of the Red River of the North, and of the rapid progress which is being made in their settlement. Six years ago these fertile lands of the far northwest were regarded as a vast wilderness covered with lakes, swamps and rivers; where existence or escape would be impossible. In 1872, when the Northern Pacific opened for traffic, there was scarcely a settlement along its whole line. Now the whole country as far as Bismark, the present terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, is dotted with farms, from which great crops have been harvested the present year and the tide of emigration is setting very strongly in that direction. The reclamation of those lands lying on both sides of the Red River and on both sides of the boundary between the United States and British North America, did not fairly commence until last year, and even now, the large tract under cultivation is but a mere corner of the vast region available, covering an area of 200,000 square miles. The settlers whose energy and capital are converting this part of Dakota from a wilderness to a civilized country are said to be mostly well-to-do farmers from Northern Wisconsin, Iowa, and other Western States, who have sold their improved farms for whatever they would bring in the hope of securing much larger and more productive ones in the new territory than those which they have left.

Carefully prepared reports made up in 1877, show that whatever may be the cause, the soil and climate of this section is more fruitful than in any of the older States. In 32 settlements the average production in that year was of wheat 32 1-2 bushels to the acre; barley 42 1-2 bushels, and other grains in proportion. Potatoes run as high as 600 bushels to the acre; and of turnips 700 to 1000 bushels an acre was not considered an extraordinary yield; and this, too, in a healthful climate where the facilities are good for getting the crops to market. During the present summer the Railroad will be completed 40 miles beyond Bismark, and another broad stretch of this magnificent domain will be ready for the occupation of the thrifty and enterprising farmers of the older States, or for industrious and willing workers in every station in life whether of native or foreign birth.

THE NATION'S BANKERS IN COUNCIL.

The National Convention of Bankers, composed not only of men connected with National but State and private Banks, assembled last week for a three days' session at Saratoga. The convention was very largely attended, every State in the Union being represented and nearly two thousand persons having registered as members. Addresses were delivered by Hon. John Jay Knox, Comptroller of the Currency; Hon. James Buell, Secretary of the Association, and President of the Importers' and Traders' National Bank of New York; Hon. C. L. Lamb, Superintendent of Savings Banks of the State of New York, and Hon. Daniel Needham, National Bank Examiner of Massachusetts.

The object of the Convention is to obtain and distribute information upon the subject of banking; and this object, we think, has been more perfectly attained at this gathering than ever before. Especially do we think there has been lack of information published with regard to our National Banking System, and the extracts we publish herewith from the address of Col. Needham, which we find published in full in the Boston *Journal* of Tuesday, will be read with much interest by our readers. As the *Journal* well says, "Col. Needham has considered the subject from a very practical standpoint, and his familiarity with the whole subject enables him to treat the subject in a manner that can but claim attention."

Col. Needham devotes the first part of his address to the rise and progress of money-lending and banking, showing the necessities out of which banking has grown, it being nothing more or less than a system developed by the necessities of business. He then gives the origin of the National banks, tracing them from the annual message of President Lincoln to Congress, in 1862, when he for the first time brought this National System before the Government. Col. Needham compares the old State Systems with the new National System, and concludes his address as follows:

"Who but the working people of the nation receive the great benefits resulting from such an admirable and extensive banking system as this? The rich need no banks. They are banks of themselves, and can take care of their own money in vaults and safes, which they have the means of building. The people, the toilers on the land and on the sea, the men who depend upon new industries and development of old ones—these are the men who are helped and built up by banks of deposit, discount and circulation.

Close up the banks of discount, and enterprise must depend on the caprice of private capital, which may smother at its will, and which will, independent of law, hold the power to rule or ruin. The Government, however many bills it may issue as a circulating medium, will always be a borrower of the people and not a lender to them. No discounts can come from the Treasury of the Government, and enterprises may languish or suffer and die, there can be no help; and labor and business will ask in vain for aid from such a source.

The easier it is for business to command on business paper the money needed to carry it forward, the better it is for the laborer, who has always shared with his employer, directly or indirectly, the gains from his occupation.

The more secure the redemption of currency and the smaller the cost of exchange, the greater become the aggregate gains of labor; and the more secure the accumulations of surplus the more independent the laborer.

What, then, do the people obtain in return for the privilege of circulation given by them to the national banks?

They obtain absolute security for the currency issued; absolute protection for deposits: a system of exchange unequaled in simplicity and cheapness in the history of any nation, and economical discounts of business paper by an organization thoroughly responsible for all its transactions.

It was not my purpose to discuss to any extent the questions of capital and labor in the abstract; where the laborer ends as a laborer, and becomes a capitalist; or where, by the sudden and mysterious mutations of life, the capitalist ceases to be a capitalist and becomes again a laborer. It is not easy to define these conventional terms, which we use with little definiteness of significance. In a country like ours, so new, so open to enterprise, so varied in its wealth, so full of hidden treasures which skill and industry are sure to develop, we can make no distinction of men except that which is made by the law, when it crowns every honest toiler who educates and provides for himself and his family, and contributes to public weal, an American Citizen.

The people make and enforce the laws, and out of the exigencies of civilization is the statute-book developed.

Then it is not for the rich that we have national banks; but for the people, who, in their people's government should secure all the helps which the statute can yield, and all the protection to life and property which wisdom can secure.

In localities where national banks receive large deposits, the circulation issued by the Government is a matter of small consequence, many of the national banks having voluntarily declined it, and some of the well-managed State banks having had great prosperity without it.

In many localities the deposits are merely nominal, and the slight profit realized from circulation is necessary to the bank's existence. If circulation is withdrawn from such banks, involuntary liquidation is the only resort, and the laborers are the ones to be disastrously affected by such an interruption to the business of the locality where the closed bank has theretofore exercised its benign influence.

The national banks have thoroughly established their general usefulness, and not only should they be protected in the right to circulation, but it is in the interests of the people at large that every hindrance to the use of the bank, or to the bank's prosperity, should be removed.

The check stamp, small as it is, is a hindrance to the use of the bank by a large number of people, who, influenced by the annoyance occasioned in the use of the stamp, more than from any other reason, refrain from keeping a bank account.

The prosperity of the national banks is also seriously threatened by taxation from deposits. For what reasons should deposits be taxed? It is in the interests of society that men should be encouraged to deposit their money in banks, rather than carry it about their persons or keep it in their homes.

Independent of this taxation of deposits, consider with me for a moment what taxation is imposed upon national banks.

First—The same tax on the market value of the stock as is levied on all other personal property in the locality where the bank is located, payable through the State Treasurer to the Treasurer of the town where the stockholder lives.

Second—One-half of one per centum semi-annually on the circulation allowed by law.

Third—One-quarter of one per centum semi-annually on the average deposit for the half year.

Fourth—One-quarter of one per centum semi-annually on all capital not invested in Government bonds.

Independent of this the bank is required to keep with the Treasurer of the United States, in legal tender notes, for the redemption of its bills, five per centum of the amount of its circulation and to keep constantly in its own vaults two-fifths of fifteen per centum of its deposits.

Now why should personal property invested in *moneyed banks*, which are the true interests of the business of the country, be taxed at least twice as much as personal property in railroads and manufacturing and other enterprises.

Equal taxation is for the good of all. Anything else is unjust and oppressive.

The notion that national banks are making large and extortional profits is a delusion, and is absolutely false. When gold was at a premium they made the premium, whatever it might be; but in this regard they had no advantage over State banks or over any men in business. All alike enjoyed this opportunity. But the premium realized by the national banks was mostly put into a surplus which, during these times of depression, has been used to meet the enormous losses occasioned by bankruptcy. And these losses have been sustained by the banks, and the banks have been maintained in their solvency and usefulness by the wisdom of their directors, who thus fortified themselves against a day of trouble.

But there is a murderous cry for bank taxation, "Tax them; yes, tax them to death," I read only a short time since, as the declamatory utterance of a loud-mouthed demagogue, shouting to an audience whose ignorance he should have tried to dissipate, but whose prejudices he labored to arouse. Tax them to death! Tax what to death? Why, the national banks! The power which furnished the bread which fed the army and provided for their pay and secured the munitions of war in the day of the nation's peril. The underlying strata of national enterprise and thrift.

And who owns the national banks? It is safe to say that three-fourths of the national bank stock of Massachusetts is owned by men and women of limited means or held by savings banks as security for the small earnings of poor laborers who are depositors.

They who thus cry out against the national banks as engines of tyranny and oppression are destroyers of the public welfare; influenced by ignorance or demagoguery; for no candid man can survey the fifteen years of history of the national banks and then speak of them in other than terms of commendation.

Observing from this standpoint, I say with perfect confidence, that the interests of labor and laborers is to secure the perpetuity, prosperity and success of the National Banking System."

The *Detroit Free Press* of Aug. 9, publishes letters from over one hundred places in the grain growing sections of the State, representing forty-one wheat producing counties, which indicate that the production of that cereal will be in excess of last year. From the report of the Secretary of State it appears that the acreage of wheat is more than 70,000 acres greater than that of last year; and the estimate of the present harvest is 31,000,000 bushels and the quality of the grain is exceptionally fine.

Money and Business.—There might have followed a serious disturbance of the money market, in consequence of the Treasurer's call on the Banks for the enormous sum of fifty-five millions of dollars within ten days, but the circumstances favored and the danger is now past. There was a decided tendency to a stringent money market for the time, but the prospects are at the present time more favorable. On Tuesday, the balance of the account between the Government and the banks had been reduced to $15,000,000; from $175,000,000, and on Monday last the banks paid into the Treasury five millions of legal tender for bonds. These Treasury operations will therefore very soon cease to cause any disturbance in the market. All kinds of business are steadily recovering under the influence of large products and bare markets, and the future looks hopeful for the first time in six years.

The Yellow Fever.—Instead of being able to chronicle any change for the better in the epidemic at the Southwest, it can only be affirmed that it is growing worse every day. The cases in Memphis multiply at least twenty-five daily, while the fever is spreading its ravages in all directions. Singular to relate, however, there is no evidence as yet of its presence in New Orleans. In every direction outside of the infected town quarantine regulations are established and rigidly enforced, and every town is reported to have its picket-line of inspectors. Travel is described as being as difficult as through an African jungle. A colored minister of wide repute died of the fever and was publicly buried on Tuesday, over five thousand blacks attending his funeral. The difficulty of stamping out contagion under such circumstances is clearly impossible. Individual cases of fever have been reported at St. Louis, Louisville and Cincinnati. In New York several cases have been brought direct from Cuba.

Canada Cattle Importation.—The Government of the Dominion is said to hold under consideration the proposition to let the prohibitory orders concerning the importation of cattle from the United States, cease to be in force after the 6th of next month. No notice that can be called definite has yet been taken, but the understanding is believed to be that a new proclamation will be made for the protection of Canadian cattle, and to prevent their being scheduled by the authorities in England. Communication with the Home Government is now going on, with that purpose in view. There has naturally been much feeling in this country about the measures so summarily adopted by the Dominion Government, although it is not to be denied that there were some circumstances that were calculated for a time to excite its apprehensions.

Jeff Davis's Legacy.—The accounts of the great estate which Mrs. Dorsey is said to have left to the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy, likewise similar ones, grow smaller the more they are examined. It now appears that the last in question left no estate of larger value than $25,000, of which $5,500 is charged against the place now occupied by Mr. Davis in lower Mississippi, in view of the Gulf; and that he purchased of her for the sum already named, giving therefor his notes, payable in one, two and three years. These notes are now in possession of Mrs. Dorsey's agent in New Orleans, and will of course become discharged to Mr. Davis by the execution of the will. But if the will is finally disapprobated, he will be obliged to raise the money. The whole affair has been much exaggerated and the more so because of the personal conspicuousness of one of the parties than because of the value of the estate bequeathed.

Pompeii Celebration.—Everything and everybody that can bear to be celebrated is dragged forth to submit to the modern process which has become such the fashion. Centennial observances have become of late so common that they are almost a drug. Iceland only a little while ago stood up together and celebrated its thousandth birthday. That was going pretty well back into the years of the hoary past. Now the Neapolitans see their chance, and are going to throw the arctic Icelanders wholly in the shade. The eighteen hundredth anniversary of the destruction of Pompeii by the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 is to be duly celebrated during the current month, which is the first public celebration of a great calamity that we remember ever to have seen proposed. Singularly enough, for seventeen hundred years after this appalling event we find no mention whatever made of it. A village was built where Pompeii stood, constructed of its ruins; this was in turn destroyed by an eruption of the same restless volcano,—and the locality was a waste thereafter until the discoveries of the middle of the last century were made. The sea formerly washed the walls of Pompeii, but is now a mile distant. There is certainly a rare chance for an impressive exhibition in connection with the proposed celebration.

The Failure of Mr. Murray.—Says the *Congregationalist*: "It will, we think, be safe—we are sure it will be Christian—for our readers to suspend all final judgment upon the character of the Rev. W. H. H. Murray, as affected by recent developments, of which much has been said and much published. There appears to be little doubt that he has been, at least, rash and unsuccessful from a business point of view; yet he should certainly be allowed to give his own version of affairs before he be condemned as having also purposed dishonesty. If he comes forth out of the furnace as gold seven times purified, all will rejoice. Should the result of ample investigation, on the other hand, impair his integrity, the general sorrow would be at least alleviated by the thought that no weight had been added to his misfortunes by unkind and hasty condemnation in advance of a just knowledge of he facts."

The Agricultural College.—Says the *Amherst Record*, "the vines in the vineyard are loaded with fruit and the prospect is good for a large crop of grapes. The flowers in bloom around the plant house are looking beautifully. Ten acres of the old field west of the boarding house is being ploughed, preparatory to sowing it to rye. The field of clover adjoining this rye field is the finest around here, and it will cut, it is calculated, at the rate of two tons to the acre. Last year was the most profitable year the farm has seen or will see for a long time to come. There has already been harvested 150 tons of hay this season, making about 165 tons now in the barn, besides the rowen and 21 acres of stover to be harvested. The entire stock consists of 25 head of Ayrshire cattle, including 7 young calves, 25 Berkshire hogs, four horses and a few fowls. Swine are considered the most profitable animals on the farm. They are kept in the pasture west of the barn, and besides grass, fed small potatoes, boiled. Orders were received this week for six, three to go to New Hampshire, the net proceeds amounting to $65."

☞ Mr. Alfred Riggs, of Suffield, Ct., opens up with this issue of the *Ploughman*, with an advertisement very creditably to himself and his stock. Mr. Riggs has established a reputation as a breeder of Poland China Swine, which has secured him quite a large patronage. He is a careful and judicious breeder, and our friends who contemplate making purchases in this line, should at once enter into correspondence with him. He has now an excellent collection of brood sows, from which a splendid lot of pigs may be reasonably expected the present season.

☞ The premium list of the State Fair to be held at Montpelier, Vt., Sept. 9, 10 and 11, has been published. Persons desiring a copy can address Henry Clark, Secretary, Rutland.

☞ The Hanson Farmers' and Gardeners Club will hold their Fourth Annual Exhibition, Sept. 24th and 25th, at Hanson.

READ AND RUN.

—In Manchester, N. H., lads not over a dozen years old are brought before the police court on the charge of being highwaymen, illustrating the charge by deliberately robbing younger boys.

—The death of Major W. W. Leland at Saratoga breaks the line of the well-known Leland Brothers, all hotel keepers.

—In Guilford, Conn., there are sixty acres of tomatoes, yielding from three to six hundred bushels per acre. They will all be canned, and the peelers receive three cents per peck.

—Mr. O. H. Ingalls, of Bangor, has shipped over five tons of raspberry jam this season, and has orders for all he can send out.

—The acreage of wheat is very large this year in Aroostook, and there is likewise an excellent show of potatoes, a large breadth of buckwheat, and a broad area of grass still uncut, but comparatively little good corn. Farmers have not yet begun haying operations, in some instances.

—Cholera is making increasing ravages in India, according to the latest accounts.

—Intelligence from Para, Brazil, is to the effect that fourteen thousand of the inhabitants in distress have broken out in revolt in consequence of the stoppage of supplies sent for their relief.

—The latest and most reliable news seems to indicate that Germany is preparing her mind to meet the United States on a fresh proposal to establish bimetallism.

—The gossips and writers are industriously engaged in unearthing the life of the Duke of Kent, during his stay in the Canadas and Provinces, in the latter years of the last century. The Duke was the father of Queen Victoria, and the grandfather of the wife of Governor General Lorne, the Princess Louise.

—The banking scare which was experienced in Montreal last week has now wholly subsided.

—The Sprague-Conkling encounter, last Friday, at Narragansett Pier, is the staple of no end of comments in circles social and political. The parties more directly interested persistently refuse to make any statements for the public.

—Secession appears to have broken out in Liberia, the seceding blacks claiming the right to "fly" the British flag.

—Cottage City is still struggling courageously for a divorce from the town of Edgartown.

—The fever continues its ravages in Memphis, the proportion of victims being about equally white and black. The city is rigidly quarantined.

—Several persons were killed, and many more were fatally injured by the recent tornado which swept over Rochester, New Brunswick.

—The new season's first bales of cotton are heralded as arriving at the different local cotton depots in the Southern States.

—The New York yacht squadron is in Newport this week, the fleet being composed of twenty-four vessels.

—The White Mountain landlords are said to be very cheerful this season. The travel is large enough to keep them all the time in good spirits.

—The narrow-guage railroad is advocated for New England, not as a rival to the broad guage roads, but because it can penetrate districts into which the latter never will be likely to go, and thereby stimulate agricultural and all other kinds of life.

—There are floating suggestions that the war reports from Chili are to be taken with considerable allowance for exaggeration on both sides.

—English manufacturers are all the time be coming more uneasy about holding their home market.

—A physician in Russia has been looking into the phenomenon of so much nearsightedness among literary people, and at length ascribes it to printing books in black ink on white ink on black paper.

—There is no French army in reality, if some recent articles are to be believed. The number of men has been reduced to the very lowest figure, and at a recent review only fifteen files could be mustered in companies which in wartimes count two hundred and fifty strong.

—Out in one of the suburban Public Gardens, Pinafore is acted on real water, the vessel being fifty feet long. The representation attracts spectators by the thousands.

—An Old Folks' Picnic, the fourth annual one of the kind, took place at Lake Walden Grove, in Concord, on Wednesday, Grandsire Baldwin acting as general manager.

—The mines in the Comstock lode are beginning to pay tribute to the Sutro Tunnel.

—Americans are pouring into the old Canadian cities with a perfect rush this season, and the St. Lawrence is described as an avenue of tourists from this side.

—The steward of one of the great Saratoga hotels says that he pays fifty cents a pound for beef tenderloins in New York, which go through from Chicago to that city packed in ice, and cost not over twenty cents, delivered. He says the tenderloins, spring chickens, spanish mackerel and soft shelled crabs are everyday dishes at Saratoga.

—Going through Quebec, on a sight-seeing excursion, is said to be very much like turning the leaves of a picture book.

—At Newport, the usual hour for dining until the end of the first week in August, is three o'clock P. M.; but after that and until the end of the season, it is as late as half-past seven.

—In Eastern Connecticut there is manifested at present a determination to execute the old-fashioned Sunday laws.

—On the shore of a lake in East Northwood, N. H., half a dozen young women are camping out, occupying six tents, and being attended only by a male servant. They occupy themselves with fishing, rowing, and killing time generally. Their mothers no doubt know they are "out."

—So far as reported, every town in Barnstable shows a decrease in valuation and a decrease in taxation to correspond.

—The shopkeepers of Great Britain are feeling severely the competition of the co-operative stores, which are supported by the higher equally with the lower classes.

—An important invention of recent date is the application of the atomizer to regulate the humidity of the atmosphere in cotton and woolen mills.

—It is openly charged that not more than five per cent. of the graduates of our colleges are accurate spellers.

—The assessment tables of the State of Illinois shows a steady falling off since 1872 to the amount of thirty-seven per cent.

—The Nihilists of Russia occupy as nearly as possible the place of the French Revolutionists of the last century.

—The English writers are falling into a dispondent strain over the future of the great and distant empire of India. To support the British army in India costs eighty thousand dollars a year.

—In the July number of the Bibliotheca Sacra, Rev. Dr. Gardner writes of the Bible that "the Gospel has introduced into the world truths unknown, or at least unregarded before, which, when announced, are recognized of all men to be true, and has given to these truths practical sanctions of sufficient power to transform the institutions, culture and principles of action of those parts of the world in which it has been received."

—The new waterfall, said to be recently discovered among the White Mountains, is now alleged to have been found a dozen years ago.

—A new and necessary society has been formed in England, called the National Funeral and Mourning Reform Association. Its objects are almost obvious.

—The garden of Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, at Newport, extends to the very edge of the cliffs that overlook the Atlantic, and is populous with rare and beautiful plants, which Mr. Bancroft never tires of showing to his visitors, upon which he expends large sums annually.

—The lists of the large tax-payers in the towns and cities round about begin to make their appearance, and excite the usual interest in the localities severally named.

—A well-known fish-dealer in Hartford, Conn., was riding on one of the buck-boards, and coming in collision with another team, was upset and thrown out, and instantly killed.

—A gentleman at Newport, who is evidently uncomfortable because he can attract no more attention, recently clad himself in his bathing-suit and rode a horse bare-back into the breakers. He probably would have ridden the animal through the streets, in the same style, rather than remain quiet among so many tongues and eyes.

—The Congressional Committee that was sent out to Utah to look into matters out there, is bitterly complained of by the Gentiles of Salt Lake City because it promptly accepted Mormon hospitality and could be approached by no outsiders.

—A Dedham gentleman's trunk, filled with powder and shot, exploded while being handled in one of our city railway depots, injuring an expressman severely and doing other damage. We should say that was a rather careless way to transport powder; but if it must be done in that way, the owner ought to take all the risks himself.

—August is the month, especially during its latter half, when the symptoms of Autumn begin to make their appearance, and the insects succeed to the birds with their different style of melody.

THE SIXTEENTH NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

Headquarters New England Agricultural Society, No. 46 Milk Street, Boston, Aug 20, 1879.

To the Farmers, Stock Raisers, Mechanics, Manufacturers and Artisans of New England.

The New England Agricultural Society will hold its Sixteenth Annual Exhibition in the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, on the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th days of September next. The reputation of the New England Agricultural Society, as established by its preceding Fairs, held as they have been in all of the New England States, brings together large numbers of men, recognized leaders in all the great and important industries of life, from every part of the United States and Canada.

The exhibitions have also been large and complete in almost every department.

Such an opportunity to exhibit the results of study, experience and labor is offered by no society in the United States; and we cordially invite all men and women interested in the industries of the country and in its welfare to be present at our exhibition, and so far as they can, for purposes of competition or exhibition, to make public the fruits of their skill, industry and labor.

The immense Rink at Worcester, located in the very heart of the city, and one of the largest buildings in New England, has been secured for the exhibit of household manufactures, corporation manufactures, musical and other instruments, sewing machines, statuary and paintings, and such other work of skill and delicacy as may be better displayed under the protection of a more substantial covering than can be offered on the Fair Grounds.

We can assure the public that nothing will be left undone by the officers of the New England Society to make this sixteenth exhibit fully equal to any of its preceding Fairs.

Letters directed to Daniel Needham, Secretary Boston Mass., or to Geo. H. Estabrook, Secretary Worcester Agricultural Society, Worcester, Mass., will receive prompt attention.

Premium Lists and Posters sent in response to postal cards to any address in the United States and Canadas.

DANIEL NEEDHAM,
Secretary New England Agricultural Society.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE RAILROADS AND THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

The following railroads have already responded to Secretary Needham's letter, agreeing to carry stock and articles for exhibition to the New England Fair and return the same to the place of starting for rates one way—to be prepaid and at the owner's risk.

Other roads will be added to this list as fast as heard from.

Concord (N. H.) Railroad.
Boston, Barre and Gardner Railroad.
Boston and Maine Railroad.
Connecticut River Railroad.
Connecticut Central Railroad.
Boston and New York Air Line Railroad.
Housatonic Railroad.
Piovidence, Warren and Bristol Railroad.
Northern Railroad.
Concord and Claremont Railroad.
Springfield, Athol and Northwestern.
Boston and Providence.
Danbury and Norwalk Railroad.
Naugatuck Railroad.
New Haven and Derby Railroad.
Nashua and Lowell Railroad.
New York, Providence and Boston Railroad.
Fitchburg Railroad.
Passumpsic Railroad.
Boston and Albany Railroad.
Providence and Worcester Railroad.
Maine Central Railroad.
New London Northern Railroad.
Connecticut Valley Railroad.
Eastern Railroad.
Providence and Springfield Railroad.
Worcester and Nashua Railroad.
Old Colony Railroad (Northern Division.)
Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad.
Old Colony Railroad.
Cheshire Railroad.
Central Vermont Railroad.
New York and New England Railroad, carry freight for fare one way.

DANIEL NEEDHAM, Secretary.
Boston, July 30th, 1879.

IMPORTATION OF NEAT CATTLE.

The Secretary of the Treasury has promulgated the following order in relation to the importation of cattle, notice of which we have previously given. The order is as follows:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, July 10, 1879.

TO COLLECTORS OF CUSTOMS AND OTHERS:

The order of the 26th of February last, prohibiting the importation of neat cattle from England, was issued by authority of section 2,493 of the revised statutes, it is ordered that the operation of the first clause of that section, which prohibits the importation of neat cattle from any foreign country into the United States, be suspended as to all parts of Europe, the Secretary having officially determined that such importation will not tend to the introduction, or spread of contagious or infectious diseases among cattle of the United States. Provided, that all neat cattle from any part of Europe, arriving at any port of the United States, shall be kept in the quarantine for not less than ninety days, under the direction of the customs officers, and at the expense of the parties interested, except when State or municipal laws provide for the quarantine of such cattle; and in such cases, collectors will permit the proper officers to quarantine them in conformity to such laws. Where no municipal authorities require. The department will, upon application, consider special cases where it may be claimed, during such quarantine, that the cattle came from entire healthy localities direct to the United States, and will decide in such cases, whether they may be delivered at a period shorter than the ninety days before mentioned. In any case where during quarantine not under control of State or municipal authorities, the animal shall exhibit evidence of infectious or contagious disease, the facts will be reported to the Department for instructions.

H. F. FRENCH, *Acting Secretary.*

☞ A Miss Sadie Kellogg of New Fairfield, Conn., is reported by the Vermont *Mirror and Farmer*, to have made last year three-quarters of a ton of butter, and to have carried it to market and sold it herself.

☞ French feeders, it is said, find that feeding the fowls with boiled or steamed carrots, chopped into small pieces, rapidly fattens them and imparts an agreeable flavor to the flesh, greatly relished by epicures, and that fowls thus fed sell

Directory Column.

PROMINENT BUSINESS HOUSES IN BOSTON.

The Business Houses appearing under the several classifications in this column are among the best and most reliable in the city.

AUCTIONEERS.
SULLIVAN & MACDONALD, 9 School
J. WINNETT & CO., 5 Tremont St.

AWNINGS, TENTS & FLAGS
Chandler & Goldthwait, 14 N Market St.

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS.
AARON R. GAY & CO., 130 State St.
WARD & GAY, 180 Devonshire St.

BAKERS.
C. A. TOBEY, 45 Milk St.
Winkley, Thorp & Dresser, 117 Devonshire.
F. W. RABBY, 108 Wash. St. (Cor. Elm.)

APOTHECARIES.
B. F. BRADBURY, 443 Washington St.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
Wadsworth Bro's & Howland, 76 Wash'n St.

BEEF, Etc.
W. J. COPELAND, 70 & 72 F. H. Market.
C. DANA & CO., wholesale 352 N. Market St.
D. D. ROGERS, (wholesale) 40 N. Market.
SHINNER & ARNOLD, 29 Faneuil Hall Sq.

BEEF AND PORK.
HOLDEN & GLIDDEN, 49 F. H. Market

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS.
KELLUM & PEIRCE, 31 N. Market St.
MOSES BROS. & CO., 26 Blackstone St.
HILTON BROS. & CO., Cellar, 3 F.H.Mt.
BENT N. CAVERLY & CO., 7 N Market.

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY.
J. F. Hutchinson & Co., 177 & 179 So. Market.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
A. A. MOSES, 43 Tremont Street.
EDW. P. WHITE, 23 Tremont Row.
S. LAMKIN, 9 Tremont Row.

BAGS AND TRUNKS.
J. L. TYLER, 36 Avon St.

COFFEE AND TEA.
LOYDON TEA CO., 801 Washington St.
ARM & HAMMER & CO., 35 Union St.

CARPETINGS.
J. & J. DOBSON, 323 Washington St.

COMMISSION PRODUCE.
SAYRE & CONDEN, 138 Blackstone St.
JOHN A. TWOMBLY & CO., 160 N. Market.

CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASS.
RICKERSON & MILLER, 22 Merch. Row.
NICHOLSON, FROST & CO., 132 Milk St.

DRY GOODS.
Hogg, Brown & Taylor, 477 & 481 Wash'n St.
H. & J. GILCHRIST, 3 & 7 Winter St.

DYE HOUSES.
MALDEN DYE HOUSE, 8 Hanover St.

DRY & PICKLED SALT FISH.
FRANKLIN SNOW & CO., 126 Atlantic Avenue. (Head of T wharf.)

ENGRAVINGS CHROMOS, Etc.
CHAS. E. MEYER & CO., 64 Wash. St.

FERTILIZERS.
BOWKER FERT. CO., 43 Chatham St.
WHITFIELD FERT. CO., 13 Doane St.
H. H. ARNOLD & CO., 99 Blackstone St.
PACIFIC GUANO CO., Vermont Pl'k Building, cor. State and Congress Sts.

FRUITS, VEGETABLES and CANNED GOODS
WINN, RICKER & CO., 95 F. H. Mk't.
WHITMAN B. SMITH, 99 F. H. Mk't.
SANDS, TAFT, HOWES & CO., 96 F. H. Mk't.
DAVIS, CHAPIN & CO., 83 F. H. Mk't.

FRUIT AND PRODUCE.
W. W. & C. H. NOYES, 13 N. Market St.
B. P. HODSDON & CO., 11 N. Market St.

FISH.
WALKER & RICH, 113 F. H. Market.
SHATTUCK & JONES, 128 F. H. Market
F. H. JOHNSON & CO., 124 F. H. Market
E. A. RICH & CO., 104 Atlantic Ave.

FLORAL ARTISTS.
C. H. OVEY & CO., 22 Tremont Street.
DEE & DOYLE, 37 Tremont Street.
C. P. G. HUNNER, 51 West St.

FARM HARNESSES.
J. J. KENNEDY, 206 Devonshire St.

FURNITURE AND CARPETS.
F. D. OSGOOD, Masonic Temple.
W. H. HERVEY & CO., 3 Union St.
Brooks & Walbridge Bros., 151 Hanover St.

FINE POCKET BOOKS.
J. M. VERBECKE'S, 198 Wash. St.

FISHING TACKLE, GUNS, POWDER, &c.
J. & THROWBRIDGE & CO., 6 F. H. Sq

GUNS, RIFLES AND REVOLVERS.
J. P. LOVELL & SONS, 147 Wash. St.

GAS FIXTURES, LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, Etc.
N. W. TURNER & CO., 27 & 29 Bromfield St.

HARDWARE DEALERS.
BURDITT & WILLIAMS, 20 Dock Sq.
H. J. WHITTY, 6 Dock Square.
HOSMER & VINAL, 7 Dock Square.
E. B. TOBIN PARR, 160 Washington St.

HARDWARE AND TOOLS.
A. J. Wilkinson & Co., 184 to 188 Wash'n St.

HEADQUARTERS FOR NOVELTIES AND AGENTS' GOODS.
M. D. Downing & Co., 32 Kilby St.

KEROSENE CHANDELIERS, LAMPS.
C. H. McKENNEY & CO., 634 Wash. St.

ORGANS.
O. A. GAMAGE, 367 Washington St.

PORK, Etc.
J. P. SQUIRE & CO., 23 F. H. Market.
CHAS. H. NORTH & CO., 22 F. H. Mk't.
JOHN L. ROLLINS, 31 F. H. Market
Highland, Lockwood & Co., 34 F. H. Market

POULTRY.
NATHAN ROBBINS, 33 F. H. Market.
SWAN & NEWTON, 14 F. H. Market

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The Poet's Corner.

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

BY WILLIAM GIBSON.

On the romantic shore of Lake Lucerne,
Beneath my window are some garden walks,
Where now the autumnal frosts the foliage burn
And hardy dahlias blacken on their stalks:
But, many-leaved and fresh and fragrant, blows
One solitary flower—a perfect Rose.

This, full of crimson life as if it had
No thought of death, I've watched, day after day,
While deep in snows the Rigi-Kulm was clad,
And deep the snows in cleits of Pilate lay—
Grim mount! above the clouds whose sharp-drawn peaks
Have long presaged the storm—and now it breaks.

Like ships at sea, St. Gothard's summits strain,
And toward Tell's chapel all the storied scene
Is dashed with slanted streaks of misty rain;
There's not a spot of color or of sheen
In the dull landscape save that lonely Rose—
Leaden the sky, and gray the very snows!

With all of blushes and all fragrance rife,
Love's fragile banner to the gale unfurled,
Bloom bravely on! Yes, live thy little life,
O Rose! I would not pluck thee for the world.
'Twere sentimental folly that would shed
Thy sentient leaves to strew yon sodden bed.

"I am the type of the true poet's thought;
I am the type of the true lover's heart"—
These words, in melody of perfumes wrought,
Like notes of music did the flower impart—
"In gray-haired age my youth is fresh; I bloom
Up to the 'ice and blackness' of the tomb.

"Thou in flesh, and in my petals I,
Are shadows; but a Soul is thine and mine.
Eam a Vision, and a Prophecy!
And that which makes the poet's thought divine,
And love a subtler revelation still,
Is far more real than yon rock-ribbed hill

"A few short days, or hours, and I am gone
But, lingering here, last of a happy race
Into my bosom all thou lookest on
I gather up—but, clothed in summer's grace;
And I shall hang forever in thy mind,
A mystic Rose, immortally refined.

"Yes, these my perfumes shed shall hit thy sense
With spiritual power when I am dust,
Perchance the last survivor, sons hence,
Of men shall be a Poet and his trust
The perfect flower of Manhood shall resign,
As I, the perfect Rose, to Love divine."

—Harper's Magazine for September.

Ladies' Department.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Vaughan, or Squire Vaughan, of Barclay Manor, who was a man of high degree in his country—a magistrate and lord lieutenant. Not only by virtue of his position was he respected, but by reason of his many virtues; above all, his high-souled honor and integrity.

Mr. Vaughan had been originally a solicitor, but on the death of Constable Vaughan, a stern old uncle, whom he had scarcely ever seen, he found himself by will the universal legatee of a noble property, with a large unincumbered rent roll. Cuthbert Vaughan was not a very ambitious man, but the almost unexpected selection of himself as possessor of the Barclay Manor estates was necessarily a source of satisfaction. But chiefly was it so for the sake of his daughter Miriam—a girl of noble qualities, which had been restricted in a more humble sphere, but found ample play in the region to which she was now elevated. She was a very beautiful girl, rather tall and slim, and remarkable for her elegance of manner and speech. Her tastes were eminently artistic and literary, and her drawings were the imagination of her whole circle, while it was more than suspected she wrote for the magazines. But she was without any excessive pride, and as affable and agreeable as she was charitable and devoted in her intercourse with the poor.

The Manor house was a large and rather rambling building, furnished in excellent taste, and having a noble library as well as a picture gallery. The father and daughter had been fourteen years in possession, the latter being now nineteen years of age, and both were already exceedingly popular in the country.

The Squire had determined a few days before to clear out some lumber rooms and get rid of a lot of rubbish which had accumulated during some twenty years, and which was gradually becoming a nuisance. Father and daughter were in the picture gallery, looking at the portraits of their ancestors, and enjoying, as they were doing, the cool breeze from the park, when the butler entered with a workman bearing a picture.

"Sir," said the butler, "we have found this portrait in the lumber room, and as it clearly is a family likeness, we have brought it here to know what is to be done with it."

The picture was at the same moment rested on a chair, and Mr. and Miss Vaughan examined it. Both strangely enough felt a little shiver without the least knowing why, with the weak mouth and wicked eyes, which seemed to pierce the very marrow of their bones.

"You don't know who it is?" asked the Squire.

"No, sir," replied the butler; "but I dare say Mrs. Graves will."

"I will see the solicitor to-day," he said, "and cause the most searching inquiries to be made."

And, after some further conversation, the subject dropped, and at the end of the meal the Squire went out and rode to the country town, where the firm of solicitors he wished to consult resided. In the evening, after dinner, the subject was resumed.

"Have you any news?" asked Miriam, noticing that her father was very serious.

"Yes. Constable Vaughan married two and twenty years ago a lady of some family, but no means. The marriage was clandestine, and was only discovered when a child was born. Then came the explosion, and the young man went away to be heard of no more directly. The solicitors, knowing that he was still the heir, kept him in sight for some time; but for many years no tidings have come, and it is believed he is dead."

"But they are not sure, papa?" said Miriam.

"No; and I have ordered them to follow up the trace at no matter what cost, my dear," said the proud father. "Right must be done," she replied, in a dream kind of way.

Later on in the evening, some young lady friends coming in, Mr. Vaughan retired to his study to smoke, and as he seated himself in his cosy arm-chair and his pint of wine close to his hand, observed the parcel of papers. Taking out his penknife he opened the package, and saw at once that they contained legal documents. Putting on his spectacles, he began to examine them.

There were old leases, and then, in a small parcel tied with black silk, he found the certificate of young Constable's birth, and also that of his marriage with that of his baby boy, Charles Constable Vaughan.

"The disinherited heir, he had lived," said Mr. Vaughan, aloud. "Well, if he is alive, we will find him, and with the wealth I have at my disposal it will go hard if I cannot make up in some way for his loss."

He now took up another document, at sight of which he trembled violently, so violently that he could scarcely undo the fastenings. What was it that made him stare so wildly at this harmless bit of parchment?

He had read these words. "Deed of entail." Slowly he opened the large legal document, and at once plunged into it. With white face and quivering lip he read it from beginning to end.

"Merciful Heaven!" he said, at last, "if there is a living heir, we are no better off than we were five years ago. Old Constable had no power to will this property, which goesto heirs male without power of alienation."

Cuthbert Vaughan was a good man, but the possible prospect before him was a terrible one. Four years of possession had made him not only love the old place, but during that time he had acquired habits of luxury and ease which it would be hard to give up. He glanced at the documents, the lamp, the empty fire place, and knew how much depended on a quarter of an hour's blaze.

As the suggestion arose in his inmost mind, he rose sternly, rang the bell and sent for his daughter.

When Miriam entered the study, he handed her a chair, and in very brief words told her the facts of his discovery.

"Well, papa," she answered, not knowing, in her ignorance of the law, the full force of his meaning, "what then?"

"My child, if there be a male heir nearer than myself we must give up all and go back to our old life at Brompton. There may be no living male heir, but if there is, and my researches find him, we must retire in his favor, unless—"

"Unless what, father?" she asked.

"Unless we now destroy these documents, which alone prove his rights and invalidate the will."

"Rather die," she said. "No, father! As you said before, let justice be done. I would not hold one penny through fraud."

"You are right. I will see the solicitors to-morrow, and move heaven and earth to find him."

On the following morning Mr. Vaughan rode over and stated his case to the lawyers, handing them all the documents found in so strange and unexpected a manner. They looked at him in unfeigned admiration.

"This is a most serious matter," observed the elder partner, "for, between ourselves, I knew of the previous existence of this document, which, however, I believed to be destroyed. Of course, should the heir be found, it places you in a most awkward position."

"How so?" asked Mr. Vaughan.

"You will have to give up possession. But if, before producing this document, you came to learn——" suggested the lawyer.

"No; let there be justice" replied the Squire. "Do your duty, and I will do mine."

Both gentlemen shook their client heartily by the hand, and then, by his instructions, sent off a special messenger to Paris. It was a hasty week, and then the following telegram came:

"The heir is found. There is no doubt of his identity. He is a rather harum-scarum student in art, very poor, but without any of the vices of his class. There is the making of a sterling Englishman in him when away from his wild associates. He will come over in a few days. He begs you will stay where you are."

It must be said that both father and daughter felt easier, and prepared at once for departure. The lawyer begged them to remain until the new heir came over, but they refused. They wished to slip away unobserved. The lawyer urged them to remove many things they had purchased, such as piano, harp and other things.

"Nothing," said Miriam, proudly; "nothing here belongs to us—we are usurpers."

On the morning of their intended departure there came a letter from the heir; begging his cousin to make Barclay Manor his residence until other arrangements might be made.

"If you leave," he said, "you will make me feel very unhappy and small."

But they shook their heads and retired.

CHAPTER II.

When Charles Constable Vaughan, after announcing his marriage and the birth of a son to his enraged parent, was ordered out of the house, he swore a furious oath never to cross the threshold of the door again, except as master.

He had a small income from his mother, and with this he emigrated to Boulogne, where for some time he lived the life of a Bohemian. Then, influenced by his wife, a very talented woman, the daughter of a clergyman, he went to Paris, where both were able largely to add to their income by teaching music and drawing.

When their only son and child was eighteen, both were dead, leaving him to the mercies of the world with about a hundred a year, and at the same time with every documents to prove his descent. But the young artist looked upon the estate looming in the distance as a myth, and never thought anything more about it. He heard soon after of his grandfather's death, and of his will, leaving all to Cuthbert Vaughan, and shrugging his shoulders went on with his work.

He was under the care and guardianship of an old French teacher, a very clever, eccentric painter, who was deeply attached to him. The man was a regular Bohemian, and delighted in artist life. But he was a man who worked, and kept his pupil at work.

It was when Charles was nearly twenty-two, during a slack season, that we resume our narrative. M. Gerard had been very ill, though now he was getting better. But his illness had been expensive, and his convalescence promised to be more so, and Charles had spent his very last sou. They lived in two small rooms adjacent to their studio, and Charles was just putting on his hat to go out.

"It is our last chance," he said, "I will try the bankers. I will not be long—not more than an hour."

But many hours passed, night came, and still Charles Constable Vaughan did not return.

"I hope no harm has happened to him," said the old painter, with a sigh, forgetting his own sufferings in his anxiety.

Vaughan had gone on doggedly to the bankers, with his hat over his eyes and his hands in his pockets. He was doing that which his soul rebelled against. He had a belief that he was doing his duty, but firmly believed that he should meet with a refusal. But how to open the subject—how to excuse at the first blush his presence? Well, he would affect to expect a letter. This would give him an excuse for backing out at the last moment. With this harmless subterfuge, therefore, he entered boldly.

"I suppose," he said, to the urbane clerk, "you have not got any letters for me?"

"Yes, sir, one has been here two days, but as we did not know your address we kept it for you," was the unexpected reply; and the epistle was handed to him.

It was addressed to "Charles Constable Vaughan, most immediate and important." The young man stared with a look of perfect bewilderment, and, after saying a word to the clerk, seated himself and read:

"SIR—I wish to see you at once on business of the most vital importance, and hope to be favored with a call. I shall keep in all day, hoping that you will favor me at your earliest convenience.

"Edward Leigh, for Messrs. Fox and Sharp."

"Thank you," said Constable, utterly forgetting his errand, and hurried out in the direction of Meurice's.

He found a very polite, middle-aged gentleman, who received him with great courtesy. After some few words he said:

"I presume there can be no difficulty about proving your identity?"

"My bankers have paid me the interest on my little property for four years," replied Charles, in bewildered tones; "but here," taking out a pocketbook, "I have the copies of my father's certificate of birth, his marriage and my certificate."

The lawyer examined them methodically.

"Sir, allow me to congratulate you on being the owner of nine thousand a year, and as fine a property as any in the west of England. But you are faint, sir. Wine"—after a violent ring—"wine at once!"

"No more," said Constable, faintly. "I have been without food too long to drink."

The amazed lawyer at once ordered an improvised dinner, and then proceeded to explain everything.

"So you see, sir, you have been owner for four years, but from no fault of these people. Few persons—ahem!" he added—

"Would have behaved so nobly," he cried, listening in a daze. "I can scarcely believe my own good fortune, or that girl's generous self-denial. It was a great temptation."

"Yes, sir, bravely overcome. And now to dinner. You can give me your instructions after."

Constable ate and drank in a dream, talked in a dream and dictated letters in a dream, but at last he awoke to reality.

"I had forgotten," he said, wildly. "I must be going. I will see you to-morrow."

"I have no check-book," observed the lawyer, "but if a hundred pounds in cash is of any use——"

Constable shook him heartily by the hand, took the money, and "burning the pavement," as the French say, in a *fiacre* soon reached his old friend's lodging. His first act was to toss the money on the table, and then to bawl at the *concierge* to go for everything his friend required.

After seeing him partake of a succulent meal, he told his story to the amazed Bohemian.

"There is only one thing," said M. Gerard, later on in the evening, "I am sorry to part——"

"Part! Never! You shall come and establish yourself in London, paint my portrait, my wife's portrait, my children's—all my friends' portraits."

And so it happened that a week later, the young heir of Barclay Manor started for England, in company with the lawyer and the delighted painter. When he reached his home he found a kind but proud note from Miriam, declining certain splendid offers he had made, and intimating that their course in life must in future be apart.

CHAPTER III.

When Mr. Vaughan sold his practice for a small sum, he invested it, with a laughing remark that it would do for a rainy day, which he never expected of course would come. It was now nearly all he had to depend on. But being determined not to be idle, he went to the gentlemen who bought his business and frankly told his story. Knowing his ability, and, above all, his connections, they at once offered him two hundred pounds a year.

They took a house at Brompton, a house with a garden, and more room than they required. But to obtain the position this was necessary. But Miriam quietly intimated her intention to take lodgers. Mr. Vaughan started, but made no opposition.

It was the sight of his brave daughter seeing to her household affairs that kept him from repining. She did not neglect her painting; she even hired a piano. But months passed and no lodgers came. One day, however, a French gentleman, speaking no English, came to see the apartments, which consisted of three rooms, one of which was very light and airy. He said he was an artist, with one pupil, in rather delicate health, and would like to take the place if he could have the occasional use of the garden. They were duly installed next day, the pupil, Mr. Spencer, being a young man who looked rather delicate, and who appeared to have his eyes affected, for he wore protective spectacles. His manner was exceedingly agreeable, and before he had been a week in the house all were great friends. He was an enthusiastic artist, and finding out rapidly Miriam's artistic tastes, was soon a fellow-pupil with her under M. Dubois, and in three months were over. Mr. Spencer was hard at work at a portrait of his fair landlady.

It was impossible for two young persons of similar tastes and habit to be so constantly in one another's society and not become friends. Mr. Spencer was a man of cultivated taste and much information; above all, he was an enthusiast in art. So was Miriam, and by degrees their relationship became more intimate. Miriam followed for his footsteps; her heart beat wildly at the sound of his voice. Without a spoken word they were engaged by that sympathy of the soul which requires no words.

"Mr. Vaughan," said the young man to the lawyer, "I am something more than a mere art student. I have ample means to support a wife, and my family is good. If you will only give your consent, you shall have every reference, and you shall be introduced to my relations."

"My dear boy, if you can satisfy me on that point," replied Mr. Vaughan, "I cannot wish for a better son-in-law. We are not so rich as we might have been, but Miriam is a treasure in herself."

"She is. Then I have your consent?" he cried, gleefully, and hurried away to Miriam.

Now, as both loved deeply and sincerely, it is needless to say that before evening they were engaged.

Next day they were to go to the Royal Academy Exhibition to see the picture in its place. Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Dubois accompanied them, and after some delay contrived to reach the spot where it was hung.

"*Sold*," was marked on it with a little ticket.

"I made no reserve," replied Mr. Spencer; "but I will make inquiries."

He shortly returned, and said it had been bought at the high figure he had marked to prevent a sale by Mr. Charles Constable Vaughan. Miriam turned pale, her father coughed, and shortly after the whole party left the gallery and returned home.

"You seem very much annoyed," said the young artist. "May I ask why?"

"It is unnecessary to explain," said Miriam, "but that gentleman's name is associated with a very painful epoch in our lives, and why he should buy my portrait is indeed a mystery."

"Because he painted it," said the artist, in a voice of deep emotion, "and would allow no other man on earth to possess either the copy or the original."

"Sir," cried Mr. Vaughan, "what do you mean?"

"That I am Charles Constable Vaughan, your cousin—in a few weeks your son-in-law," he said, clasping Miriam to his heart.

"Sir," she said, "this is too bad. You ought to know how I disliked that man."

"And I came to make you love him," he answered. "And now, sir," he added, "you and I are the only parties interested in the entail."

"The only ones," replied the lawyer, moodily. "Our joint consent can end the entail," he went on.

"It can, but I shall not consent——"

But before he could finish the sentence he had torn the deed and thrust it into a fire, which he had cunningly ordered, and by dint of a diligent use of the poker it was destroyed.

"Now, my dear sir, I am wholly in your power. You are master of Barclay Manor—will you give it me at some future time as your heir, and, in the meantime, let me take this fair treasure on security?"

"Cousin Charles," observed Miriam, a little later in the day; it is clear you were not to be outdone."

"No, my darling. I loved you before I saw you for your noble generosity—when I saw you I adored you for yourself, and determined to win you. Have I done so?" he replied.

"Yes, my lord and master," she said, with a smile, "you have conquered."

"I have won a prize fit for an emperor," he replied.

It was indeed a gala day when, after a brief journey to Paris, Mr. Vaughan returned to Barclay Manor with Mr. Vaughan, junior, and his wife, Miriam. Nothing ever was said of the ownership of the estate to which, only eleven years after, Charles succeeded. He never regretted the stratagem by which he won a wife, nor she the courage with which she had helped her father to withstand their great temptation.—*Selected.*

CO-OPERATION IN HOUSEKEEPING.

[From the New York Times.]

The man who, to an inquiry how he came to marry an Irish girl, replied that marrying an American one would have compelled him to hire an Irish girl to take care of her, showed what is coarsely known as "horse-sense," if he looked only to the question of getting necessary work done; for, by some unexplained law of compensation, it does not seem to be practicable to get brains and muscles in the same body. The dexterity, nimbleness, readiness in emergencies, and tact, which are charming in the woman of to day, are obtained at the price of physical strength; what, in New England, is called "faculty" has lost much of the endurance that once made it effective. Miranda knows perfectly how to do, with the utmost of neatness and good sense, and at the minimum of labor, every detail in domestic life; but her strength is insufficient, so she must call in Bridget to crucify her daily. She is the brain; Bridget is the muscle; but the muscle will not obey. Bridget is can't, won't and don't personified. She has been dimming the eyes, flocking the hair, shinning the hands, clouding the brightness and shortening the days of her American sister during the last quarter century.

The race of servants—if it is really written in the order of creation that there shall be such a thing—is still a barren idsality; events have not yet produced it. There is no relief except in lessening the dependence on servants. By so reducing domestic work that it may be done by very small families, and that upon all it may bear less severely. There seems to be less opportunity for applying in practice the co-operative principle, which is simply to do in one place, with especial facilities, some of the heaviest portions of work—as is done by the gas companies,—distributing the results and concentrating the means. The first step could be to make more of the laundry. Instead of doing the severest part of work, to which only robust women are equal, on a small scale in thousands of scattered houses, unite the work and thus enlarge the facilities. The cities are full of so-called laundries, which consist of a cellar or equivalent place, where somebody uses on a small scale the the familiar old implements; but, except in the great hotels, there are very few establishments to be found which carry out the idea, which is, to utilise machinery and dispense with muscles, as in everything else that is done economically. There has been a laundry in Troy for many years which receives and returns articles by express—chiefly collars and cuffs—over quite an area of country in three States at least. In towns sufficiently compact, it might be practicable to extend the plan further to cooking. The late M. Blot devised a scheme of that sort in both New York and Brooklyn, but it failed, for some reason we do not now recall. In using the word co-operative, however, we do not mean that the scheme should necessarily be a mutual one, like a co-operative store—only that it shall secure concentration. Better administrative ability would be necessary, and more practical difficulties might arise in carrying out the mutual plan than in letting private ownership do everything. On the other hand the partly co-operative scheme, if it once conquers success, has manifest advantages. It is impossible to deny, however, that any way which should dispose of the washing and ironing, and lighten the cooking, would go far to change domestic life for American women. Co-operation has left housekeeping alone hitherto. Is there not a reasonably promising field there for giving a new turn to it?

ON THE ESPLANADE.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

O that pretty little, dainty little maid
I met upon the Esplanade!
Her modest, downcast eyes,
They were bluer than the skies.
And they mashed me flat upon the Esplanade.

She was standing in the cool, refreshing shade
Of the Fountain on the Esplanade;
And was waiting for a car,
Which I knew would come and mar
My dream of bliss upon the Esplanade.

She was looking at the salads; and I prayed,
As I stood upon the Esplanade,
That she would look at me,
So I might better see
My fate upon the Esplanade.

And she did, this charming little maid,
That chained me to the Esplanade;
She turned and said, "O dear!
I'm very glad you're here!"
'Twas my sister Kate upon the Esplanade.

THE ROAD AGENT.

My route, which was the only road between the towns of Ireton and Chester, lay for thirty miles through an almost unbroken wilderness. The track had been badly cut to pieces by recent rains, and my progress was much slower than was either safe or pleasant. Sunset found me still many miles from my destination, and I began to reflect on the probability of a night's lodging in the woods in no very comfortable frame of mind.

My horse stumbled so constantly in the increasing darkness that I was forced at length to allow him to pick his way at a slow walk. I had arrived at a particularly rough part of the road, and halted to make sure that no pitfall lay hidden in the obscurity beyond, when a form sprang out of the bushes and stood beside me. In the dull light I could perceive that it was a small, slightly built man, clad in shabby garments, with a broad slouched hat concealing his face, and that he held a pistol in unpleasant proximity to my head.

"What do you want?" I asked, with what composure I could muster.

"Your money," was the answer. "Fling it down into the road and ride on."

The voice was singularly sweet for a man—a ruffian at that—and there was a tremor in it that belied his threatening air.

"The man is a coward," I said to myself; then aloud, "Suppose I refuse to comply with your very reasonable request, what then?"

"I shall blow your brains out," was the reply. "Throw me your money, and be quick about it."

I raised my hand from my side as if to comply with his demand; but instead of doing so I suddenly lifted my riding-whip and brought it down upon the temple of my waylayer. The blow was a powerful one, and he rolled under my horse's feet without a sound.

Springing from my saddle to grapple with him, I found him prostrate and insensible, with the blood flowing copiously from an ugly wound in the forehead.

In the act of lifting his head upon my arm, his hat fell off, and a coil of luxuriant brown hair fell over my arm. Much astonished at this, I bent over the lifeless body, and beheld a pale, beautiful face, with small, delicate features, whose expression, even in unconsciousness, was that of mingled sadness and despair. My assailant was a woman, young, and bearing traces of refinement about her, despite her rough male attire.

After a little search I discovered the weapon with which she had threatened me. It was an old pistol, broken and unloaded. With an impulse that I did not stop to question I thrust it in my pocket. Then I examined the wound I had inflicted. It was a slight one, but would leave a life-long scar upon her temple.

What should such a woman be doing in this desolate region? What crises of misfortune had driven her to an act so dangerous and unwomanly? There was not time to reflect upon the matter, for she stirred slightly, and a faint moan of pain came through her pale lips.

With a sense of deep remorse for the violence I had done the poor girl, I bound up her wound with my handkerchief and slipped a good portion of the money I had about me into the pocket of her coat. I felt that her need of it must be desperate indeed.

After a moment her eyes opened, and she gazed wildly around.

"What has happened?" she said, confusedly. "Where is my father?"

Then she gazed at me wonderingly.

"Oh, I remember," she cried, in a heart-rending accent. "Oh, sir, if you knew why I did it! Let me go to my father—pray, pray, let me go!"

"You shall," said I, soothingly; "I will take you to him, for you are not able to walk alone. Poor child, it was a mistake, and I was very brutal. Say no more, but lean on me."

She obeyed in silence, and slinging my horse's bridle over my arm, I led her down the road until she paused before a miserable hut, whose battered aspect and unlighted windows gave sorrowful evidences of the poverty of the inmates.

As I released her she suddenly seized my hand, and gazing up into my face appealingly, broke into a passion of tears.

"I understand you," I said. "No one shall ever know what has occurred to-night from my lips. No wrong has been done except through my violence; and I hope that you will forgive. Now go to your father."

Waving my hand in farewell, I sprang upon my horse and rode away.

Cautious inquiry in the next town elicited the fact that the hut I had seen was occupied by an old man of the name of Windsor and his daughter Julia. They had come from the East some three years previous, and had evidently seen better days. Even now, miserably poor as they were, they preserved a dingy, aristocratic seclusion, so that their neighbors knew little about them and cared less. How they lived my informant could not guess. The father had been in feeble health for a long time, yet the daughter, a fragile, delicate girl, had found the means to support him.

I had learned one of those "means," and I went away from the town with a deeper respect for Julia Windsor than I had ever felt for a woman.

Two years later found me permanently established in New York. I had nearly forgotten my adventure with the road agent, and should have forgotten it altogether but for the old pistol, which I still retained.

One evening, during a reception at the house of a friend, I observed among the guests a lady whose face seemed strangely familiar to me. Where I had met her before I could not remember; but there was something in her appearance that I recognized rather by the heart than the mind.

On inquiring who she was, I learned that she had lately returned from the West with her father, who had experienced severe reverses of fortune some years before, but had recently regained his property. Her name, they told me, was Miss Lee.

I had never known any one of the name, yet I certainly knew her. While I was puzzling myself for a solution of the mystery, one of the heavy braids which covered her forehead fell aside, and I saw a small red scar upon her temple. Then I knew her. It was my would-be robber, Miss Lee or Julia Windsor. I could not be mistaken in her identity.

As may be readily imagined, I was not long in seeking an introduction to her. If, on her part, she recognized me, she maintained her composure admirably. A small red spot, rising in her cheek and fading instantly, was the only sign of anxiety that I could detect.

If I had thought her beautiful in her ugly male attire two years before, I found her doubly so now. The expression of care and grief had passed out of her face, but it had left its traces in her soft eye and in the tremulous outline of her mouth. An air of quiet thoughtfulness—the repose of a soul heavily chastened with sorrow—had a supreme charm for me.

I had not been sitting near her ten minutes before it became painfully apparent to me that my solitary life was a very cold and selfish one. This beautiful girl had lived and loved and suffered for another. If her experience had been a bad one, it had likewise been noble. Somehow my adventure with her that memorable night seemed to give me a right to her regard. Perhaps it was because I had never forgotten her, and that the simple memory of her had kept her always close to me.

Be that as it may, when I left her that night it was in a very unhappy frame of mind. Emotions had been aroused in me that would not be put asleep again. For the first time in my life I knew what love meant —love for a large-hearted, noble woman.

I had hoped that I had secured the means of a familiar intercourse with Miss Lee, by which I might be enabled to enlarge my acquaintance with her. But I soon found that I was mistaken. Converse with her I might, but never freely; enter her house when and so often as I chose, but her sympathy not at all. She seemed to hold me firmly at a distance. With all my efforts, I could not even establish a cool friendship between us.

Did she remember me, then, and hate me for my knowledge of that one dark event in her past history? It seemed so, indeed. Yet, was she blind? Could she not see that I loved her? Or was it because, while sacrificing herself for her father's sake, I had inflicted the wound whose scar she would carry to the grave? Either way I was supremely unhappy.

Six months elapsed before I summoned up the courage to put her feelings toward me to the test. One afternoon I entered her presence firmly resolved to declare my love for her and abide the result. I could not be more wretched than I was, and my love might at least teach her to respect me.

She was alone when I entered. Something in my face must have alarmed her, for she arose hastily, and would have left the room had I not called her back.

"Julia Windsor," I said, calmly, "will you hear me?"

"That is not my name," she faltered, turning very white.

"No: but it was your name that night, in the far West, when you pointed a pistol at my head and demanded my money. Do you remember that night?"

She made no reply for a moment, but stood with her face averted: then she suddenly turned and confronted me with a gesture of contempt.

"Yes, I do remember," she answered, passionately. "Am I likely to forget it while this, inflicted by your hands, remains?" She pushed back her hair and laid her finger upon the scar upon her temple. "You struck me down, but to pay me for my wound you left your money in my pocket. It saved my father's life—for that I thank you. But you may cancel all. Go tell the world what you know. Wake the tongue of slander against me. Say that once upon a time I lived in abject poverty, under an assumed name, and that to succour a perishing father I robbed passengers upon the road in male attire. I do not fear you."

"You need fear nothing," I answered, quietly, "except that I shall love you too much for your noble sacrifice."

"Love me!" she echoed, looking at me suddenly with filling eyes. "I thought that you despised me for my unwomanly action."

"Then you wronged me deeply," I returned, approaching and taking her hand. "My remembrance of that night is full of admiration and respect. Since I have known you intimately I have learned to love you—how truly I have no words to say."

"But I threatened you with a pistol," she answered, demurely.

"It was harmless," I returned, smiling. "I kept it—I have it at home now."

"Do you remember the handkerchief with which you bound my head?" she asked, shyly. "More faithful to the spirit of that night than you, I have always kept it near me. I have it now."

"Julia," said I, earnestly, "answer me truly, why?"

"Because," she returned, lifting her soft eyes to mine, "I loved you from that hour. When I saw you again my love took new strength, and, though I felt that you despised me, it remained unshaken, as it shall to my dying hour."

"My darling," I said, stooping to kiss her upturned face, "on that night you robbed me of more than my purse. You made wholly yours my heart, my life, my future happiness."—*Selected.*

Sketches of Travel.

NOTES ON EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

NUMBER XXVIII.

BY T. W. SILLOWAY, A. M.

Special Correspondence of the Mass Ploughman.

ENGLAND—CONTINUED.

WARWICK.

We started Sunday for Stratford-on-Avon, but were entertaining the thought of visiting Old Warwick on our way, and after a two hours' ride, arriving here, were fully tempted to remain over night, and so alighted, and soon were at a comfortable little hotel, or commercial travellers' house near the station. Next a supper, and then it being but eight o'clock, and not yet sunset, we walked out for a view of the historic old place. Ten minutes' walk, and as soon, we had decided that this was to be a place of much interest. Full half of the houses were quaint and picturesque, many of them evidently very ancient, and of the timbered and plastered style. Every variety of street and thoroughfare were here, from the broad and level ones, to those narrow and crooked, and up hill. All very clean, most of them were well paved, and everything argued of stability, and a good civilization. Evening service being just ended, an unusual number of well dressed people were in the streets; a peculiar quiet prevailed, and the hour had much of a New England Sunday appearance. The town is situated on the right bank of the Avon, and has a population of 10,986. It is a long settled place, and

WARWICK CASTLE

is one of the finest feudal structures in England. It is grandly situated, with its colossal rear side making the bank of the river, and there are indescribably fine meadows and groves near by. All is now in most perfect repair, and on Monday, it was our good privilege to visit it, and its remarkable grounds. It is occupied by the owner, the Earl of Warwick,—an aged man confined to the house by the gout,—who very kindly permits strangers to visit and examine the premises for certain hours on especial days of the week. One passes through the great arched gate-way, on one side of which is a room containing a museum of antiquities more or less associated with the Castle; and a prim young miss, daughter of the old matronly gate-keeper, very glibly, but with a tinge of bashfulness, describes the enormous punch bowl, and gives its history, also explains other items of interest; and they are well named. An optional fee makes things agreeable, and we pass up through the grand avenue, at times turning back to look at high walls of old tower or great apartment; very solid, covered with ivy. We pass on, and are soon up at a remarkable lawn, well kept, with finely gravelled avenues, and off not far in the distance, in front, and to our right, partially embowered in shrubbery and trees, at times on a level with us, at others on the little hillsides, were the grand ruins in and about the grounds, being of monastic establishments of which this was the seat. And what picturesqueness we behold! All scrupulously cared for, bearing evidence at the first glance, of constant watchfulness and care as to the smallest detail, by gardeners and servants, and as only an old English aristocracy can or does do it.

Next, a walk over the great lawn, through one of the paths 500 feet away, to the greenhouse or conservatory. We are invited there by the venerable old gardener, but not "without hope of fee or reward." We enter, and are now at the celebrated

WARWICK VASE,

and who is there claiming any knowledge of artistic things, who has not heard of it? It stands on a sort of pedestal, up it may be, six feet high. It is of white marble, now of yellowish tinge, but measurably white and very clean, and remarkably rich in its ornamentation and carvings, and of great age, its early history being entirely lost in antiquity. As near as now remembered, it appeared to be not far from six feet in diameter, and of about the same height. It was years ago found in a lake near Tivoli, and presented to the proprietor of the Castle, the Earl of Warwick. Copies of the vase have, by his permission been made, and have appeared of all sizes over the civilized world.

Standing at the door of this place, and facing towards the Castle, to its right, a scene of wonderful beauty is presented; one that is seldom equalled, and never excelled. The spot where we are, is somewhat elevated, and we look for miles over a territory of beautiful near and distant hills, velvety green fields, with fine groves, and woodlands and elegant single trees, conspicuous among which in these grounds, and making our picture's foreground, are many of those sombre and spreading ancient and very large cedars of Lebanon. The river meanders on its own unrestricted way, serpentine, among all, and the winding half hidden travelled road, adds its charm of domestic life. To the left of this, and bordering the lawn, making our left foreground, is the solid, but cheerful looking

CASTLE.

Of a color something like a buff tinged granite. By no means ancient in appearance, but the reverse, saving perhaps the design. The main tower is 128 feet high, and dates back a full 500 years; there is yet another, 147 feet high, but of uncertain date. Ivy has its way, and in parts covers the great and imposing structure. Let the reader imagine for all, very large grounds, and great ruins as before named, also, for the Castle itself, a very colossal, solid appearance, well broken by a few great towers, octagonal and square ones; let him conceive this, and all the conditions close, such as great and magnificent distant prospects, and he will not misjudge.

We now cross over, and visit the Castle itself, and here, is to be paid an additional shilling fee for the young lady who takes us with others,—for she only commences her tour when a proper number of visitors are assembled,—over the rooms of this entrance story. We pass through four or five rooms, all of which are of very large mansion-like dimensions, or castle-like, I should have said, finished in the most elegant manner in oak, or in pine, finely painted, and prominent parts of the pine finish more or less gilded. The furniture is very rich in design and upholstery; some of it ancient, some modern, but all in keeping with the place. Pictures abound; many of them are from the first masters, and they are of all variety of subjects. Bric a brac, and works of vertu, much of it hundreds of years old, presented to former earls, by kings, queens and the nobility. Next, a museum of antiquities and especially of armor. In one room is the great chimney or open fire-place with its cheerful fire, the whole some nine feet wide, projecting well into the room, with ample height to walk into it in front; and then what indescribably fine views from the rear windows, beyond the meadows, with their fine clean fields, or their green, and then to the right, and extending far country-ward are the hills and scenery before described. An elegant, beautiful scene.

The town was at one time walled in, and there yet remains a most quaint and ancient gate-way, surmounted by a chapel. Half a mile, or perhaps less from this, and up the main streets, on which are many good and modern shops and stores, is the old

LEICESTER HOSPITAL,

endowed so many centuries ago by the Earl of Leicester, and charmingly described by Hawthorne. Here, as then, is exhibited the ancient chair, claimed to be the full thousand years old, accurate copies of which are for sale, and in addition, are many curiosities of antiquity and interest. The venerable church, built in 1693, with its massive tower of elegant proportions; and then how charming are the old mansion houses and their grounds, with pleasant gardens, and at times a profusion of trees! these all combine to make Warwick a place most inviting and full of indescribable charms.

We wandered on, to the close of the twilight, and then the worshippers at the late hour of 8 P. M. evening service coming out of old St. Mary's church, which is situated at the most public centre, with a venerable but good old and neat church yard around it. It is an ancient gothic stone edifice, with end tower, and a tall spire above it. The temptation was great to enter here. We did so, and the large sombre dimly lighted room soon carried us back well into a distantage. How many very antique monuments we said and thought and what solemnity in here. We must soon leave, and we did, but enough impression was made to last, perhaps endlessly; next home to the hotel. What ground gone over in the few hours! not over-crowded by any means. The time, and the whole conditions were right for that ramble. Monday A. M., up early, and a new walk. First to see the place anew; then, to visit the castle as described; then to old

LEICESTER HOSPITAL.

To go over it and to hear from one of the guide inmates its history, and to learn of present uses. It is in brief this: Built and endowed by one of the old Earls hundreds of years ago. It has apartments of two or three rooms each, and in all, accommodating perhaps ten families. These are for old soldiers who are past a given age, and possessing certain recommendations and especial requisites. They must have a wife, and on the death of one of the soldiers the place must be given up to another, about $350 per year is given them for subsistence, out of an endowment fund, and of course the rent is free. I believe that on the death of the husband, $100 or so is given to the widow, and she must then give up the premises and her endowment. If the wife dies first, then the husband gives up the premises and endowment, and goes into the common home, that is well kept in a part of the building. Great neatness prevails, and all is under supervision of the chaplain, or master as he is called.

FOUR TIMES MARRIED.

A WOMAN WITH A QUARTETTE OF HUSBANDS.

[London Free Press.]

About a year ago a young man, whose name for the time being will be "Jones," became enamoured of a comely woman who sought and obtained employment as a domestic at the Tecumseh House in this city. He, ("Jones," you know,) wasn't fastidious enough to inquire into her ancestry or previous history, and regarded it as sufficient to know that she reciprocated his affections. The courtship lasted nearly a year, during which time she had been the recipient of the usual quantity of refreshments at his expense, including the modest strawberry and the luscious icecream, and assisted in his impoverishment to the benefit of the livery men. In fact, they considered themselves as every of lovers have done before and since. This blissful state of affairs culminated about three months ago by their marriage at the residence of a local clergyman. After the honeymoon, Jones (of ours) purchased a neat little cottage in the southern portion of the city, resolving, as all newly-married couples do,—or should do—to live economically for a few years and then burst upon society with all the brilliancy of a two-story brick house, and the usual accompaniment of a little girl with golden hair playing on the lawn in front of it. A portion of this resolve was faithfully adhered to until a week ago, when there came a genuine "burst," but not the anticipated "burst" in which society was to be the surprised party. And it came about in this wise: Mrs. "Jones" was out on a shopping expedition one day last week, and met an ord